

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLE LETTRES.

VOL. XX. OCTOBER, 1835. No. 118.

	Page
I. THE LAST SESSION - - - - -	325
II. ETERNITY - - - - -	330
III. CHAPTER ON FORMS OF GOVERNMENT - - - - -	330
IV. LOUIS PHILIPPE - - - - -	335
V. CHARLES AND HIS SUBJECTS - - - - -	336
VI. SI ME AMAS, BASIA ME - - - - -	342
VII. THE COLTON PAPERS, No. 3. - - - - -	343
VIII. TO LILLAH - - - - -	354
IX. SOPHENE AND SOPHOCLES No. 3. - - - - -	355
X. THE SPANISH WAR SONG - - - - -	362
XI. SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA - - - - -	363
XII. WAR - - - - -	367
XIII. ON BORES - - - - -	369
XIV. ODE TO AN ALBUM - - - - -	371
XV. THE PROSCRIBED - - - - -	372
XVI. THE MONKEY - - - - -	378
XVII. BRIGHTON—DIEPPE—ROUEN - - - - -	379
XVIII. I LOVED THEE—By MRS. C. B. WILSON - - - - -	383
XIX. BATHOS (A ROMANTIC TALE) - - - - -	384
XX. SONNET - - - - -	388
XXI. REVIEW OF LITERATURE - - - - -	389
XXII. THE ARTS - - - - -	397
XXIII. NOTES AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH - - - - -	398

LONDON:
SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER.
PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

It is our determination to devote a space to our Correspondents, wherein they may enlighten the public after their own fashion. Our reason for this particularly good-natured resolution is, that we occasionally receive some choice morsels, which, although unsuitable to the pages of the Magazine, will do admirably well for a *mélange*, such as we intend our "Letter-box" to be. Some are interesting from their humour—others from their absurdity. We shall seldom offer remarks on that which is intended for our "benefit;" therefore let them all go together, and each take the credit of his own.

Such was the short, but (as it would seem) important notice we thought it expedient to give in the September number of "THE MONTHLY:" we have said important, because the result has been, that a host of good-natured, as well as sensible Ladies and Gentlemen, have taken up their pens in order to do "The Good Old Monthly" as some are pleased to call it; some "The Venerable Monthly," others "Your Admirable Magazine" *some service*. In short, we have "proofs of sincere respect, and numerous instances of literary affection, from nearly all the Provinces." Some of these have been forwarded without being *post paid*—this is too bad. However, rather than submit to the inspection of "elegant epistles" from our Correspondents, by the clerks of the Post-office,—we (not indignantly, we assure our readers) gave a cheque upon Great Apollo and Company, and possessed ourselves of the *whole* mass without exception. To reply to *all* of them, would be next to impossible. We shall labour night and day, however, in our vocation to do the handsome thing—especially to our lady correspondents. We beg further to say, that in future the "impost" upon all letters must be *paid*, or Sir Francis Freeling, Bart. must become possessed of the whole. Of course, the consequence of such a procedure would, without doubt, prove fatal to communications made to "The Monthly." But to our work:—

The paper on BORES is not a bore, or if it be, we do not *suffer*: at all events, it must be considered a talented *bore*.

Miss Amelia Foresight, of Gravesend, must condescend to excuse the venerable Monthly. Its appearance hath rendered it too suspicious; but that perhaps, may be considered by good-natured persons, a misfortune. Nevertheless, such is the fact.

H. J. of Portsmouth, will be good enough to believe, that we are obliged.

NUNQUAM DORMIO must have been half asleep when he addressed his note. Very odd. Our correspondent talks of being *always awake*. We have our doubts upon this and some other grave matters, touching people who do not sleep. Let that pass.

The following note to the Editor has been received:—My dear old Fellow, Your venerable periodical used to please and sometimes tickle my father. He was a sensible man, and full of the *genuine* spirit of literature. I have lately returned from India, and perceive with no small delight that "The Monthly Magazine" is still the reading-man's favourite. Will you honour me by an insertion of this small bit of my father's (poor dear man, he is, Sir, with the saints, I hope. in Heaven and at rest) composition.

Kensington.
Editor of the "Monthly" &c. &c.

Yours, F. W. D.

DOWN WITH TEMPLE BAR.

Down with the arch! in the "gloom" of its glory,
That limits our Western and Eastern domain;
It once was a terror to Whig and to Tory,
But ne'er, by Heaven's blessing, shall be so again!

Smoke ne'er enwreath it !
 Earth quiet beneath it !
 Where London and Westminster mingle the scene ;
 And may the two cities,
 As proper and fit is,
 Unite in perusing your fam'd Magazine.
 Yours is no " sapling," chance-sown by the fountain,
 Whence Regent's Canal is so muddily fed,
 While Christmas keeps cocknies from Primrose's *mountain*,
 The " Old Monthly" supported---shall ever be read.
 Who shall lift one stone,
 Now re built Saint Dunstan,
 Combines with Saint Clement its glories to screen ?
 Where's a drab cover,
 (Search all the world over),
 To match the new face of your smart Magazine ?
 Proudly your pibroch has thrilled in Dun-Athens,
 And Christopher's groans to your slogan replied,
 That champion on crutches, or I suspect, pattens,
 Your challenge dares neither refuse nor abide.
 SATIRE and TIMOTHY
 Look rather dim i' th' eye,
 Think of Bill Tait with nothing like spleen ;
 (He's a brave spirit
 Of Magazine merit,)
 Is praising, in Athens, your SMART MAGAZINE.
 Then hey, Sirs, huzza, for the next stirring Number,
 As careless---as fearless---as free as the First ;
 And woe to their CANT who your *march* would encumber,
 Would cramp you in fetters, we scorn and we burst !
 With such *sentimentalists*,
 Soon we shall enter lists,
 In virtue's own quarrel---our Empress serene !
 And level each Dagon,
 Philistine or Pagan,
 That would not support your old Magazine.

Δ. Δ.

Of course, the Editor of the " Monthly" must lie under obligations not to be set down on paper to the writer of this so complimentary effusion. For the moment, we were indulging the hope it might not be the author's last, forgetting that he was already *defunct*. Dear good man !

To the Editor of the Monthly.--On the subject of GERMAN LITERATURE, permit me to say, that Voltaire is said to have boasted that he had discovered and made known to his countrymen, that there was in the world a certain place called England, and that the inhabitants of it, being acquainted with the use of language, had written certain books, a few of which he recommended to the notice of the civilized part of mankind. The same thing may nearly be said of the Germans. About twenty years ago, some ingenious writers, having learned the German language, thought fit to translate into English some of the most extravagant and contemptible productions of the German tragic muse ; and thereby gave occasion to the admirable parody in the Anti-jacobin ; from which we have no doubt many people took their idea of German literature in general ; and naturally contracted a strong prejudice against it. It is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say, that about the beginning of this century it was no more thought a part of a liberal education to learn German,

than to learn Hottentot or Slavonic. Lately, however, it has been discovered that there are several poems, histories, and critical works in German, worthy of attention; and, accordingly, many have not grudged the labour necessary to acquire that language. Still, a knowledge of it is by no means common; and, perhaps, is never likely to become so. The Germans are, in general, obscure, unmethodical, and heavy writers; fond of paradox and novelty; and wishing rather to startle than instruct their readers: of unwearied diligence, and great erudition; but frequently destroying the effects of both by too hasty an appearance before the public, and a conviction of the necessity of writing three books, at least, in every year.

Your admiring reader, L. S. S.

Dear Monthly.—I have some choice things in store for the "Old Monthly." Just put in the following, will you? My mamma takes considerable interest in your Editor's Box affair. She tells the clergyman of our parish that the O. M. M. should be read by all orthodox people. I mean to send you up a lot for next month.—Yours, &c. &c. B. R.

The Dunciad cost me as much pains as any thing I ever wrote.—*Mr. Pope.*

Lord Bolingbroke will be more known to posterity as a writer and a philosopher, than as a statesman.—*Mr. Pope.*

In the Moral Poem I had written an address to our Saviour, imitated from Lucretius's compliment to Epicurus: but omitted it by the advice of Dean Berkeley. One of our priests, who are more narrow than yours, made a less sensible objection to the Epistle on Happiness: he was very angry that there was nothing said in it of our eternal happiness hereafter; though my subject was expressly to treat only of the state of man here.—*Mr. Pope.*

The four first Epistles are the scale for all the rest of the work, and were much the most difficult part of it. I do not know whether I shall go on with the Epistles on Government, or that on Education.—*Mr. Pope.*

Addison wrote the four first acts of his Cato abroad; at least, they were written when I met him so accidentally on his return to Rotterdam.—*Tonson.*

Mr. Addison would never alter any thing after a poem was once printed: and was ready to alter almost every thing that was found fault with before. I believe he did not leave a word unchanged, that I made any scruple against, in his *Cato*.—*Mr. Pope.* [The last line in that tragedy was originally,

"And, oh! 'twas this that ended Cato's life."

It was Mr. Pope who suggested the alteration as it stands at present:

"And robs the guilty world of Cato's life."]

N. evidently was not "at home." His "papers" will be left at the place mentioned.

"Paddy O'Neil from Carlow,"—a new song—shall be inserted next month, if possible. It is a very humorous affair; but the writer of the verses does not estimate the villany of the scoundrel, as some of our correspondents appear to have done. We attribute the assassin's powerless stroke to another cause; namely, hunger and the prospect of speedy starvation.—*Sic Nobile Fratrum.*

To the Editor, Sir,

Isle of Wight.

Do me the service and gratification of inserting the following in the "Monthly" for October. Yours, O. S. S.

Passage in the Philoctetes of Sophocles.

In a late number of the *Rheinischer Museum* (vol. ii. p. 125.) Professor Welcker has suggested a new and ingenious solution of a difficulty in a very beautiful passage of Sophocles. In the *Philoctetes*, v. 816, the chorus sings thus:

“Υπν’ ὀδύνας ἀδαής, ὕπνι δ’ ἀλγίων
 εὐαῆς ἡμῖν ἔλθοις
 εὐαίων, εὐαίων, ὦναξ·
 ὄμμασι δ’ ἀντίχοις τάνδ’ αἶγλαν
 ἃ τέταται τὰ νῦν.

The best, or rather the least bad, of the interpretations proposed, is that of Hermann: “*Oculis prætendas eam, quæ nunc expansa, est lucem: quæ quoniam nulla est, sed caligo potius, hæc est intelligenda.*” Mr. Welcker, however, has collected several passages from the grammarians, in which αἶγλη is explained to be a *band*, or properly, a *ligature*, round the feet or arms (Bekker, *Anecd.* p. 354, Pollux, v. 100). The most important authority is Hesychius, whose article should (it appears) be read thus: Αἶγλη, χλιδών· Σοφοκλῆς Τηρεῖ· καὶ πίδη παρὰ Ἐπιχάρμῳ ἐν Βάκχαις. It seems, therefore, that Sophocles had, in a lost tragedy, used the word αἶγλη in nearly the sense required; and accordingly Mr. Welcker supposes the chorus to invoke the god of sleep “to hold over Philoctetes’ eyes the veil which then covers them.”

The interests of the ladies, says a Paris Correspondent, are not forgotten at the Circulating Library, 55, rue Neuve St. Augustin, as it possesses the hitherto unattempted novelty of concentrating all that is interesting to them, either as a recreation or a pursuit, and forms a complete repertorium of those accomplishments which grace the sex and constitute the perfection of the female character: in achieving which, recourse has been had to the most distinguished authors suited to their taste, calculated both to entertain and to instruct.

My dear Mr. Editor—I see you have given the *industrious* an opportunity of being useful. I therefore send you a thing or two. I like the idea of your Editor’s Letter Box much. Cannot help thinking you will soon get tired of the additional labour which must follow. Albeit I like it vastly.—Yours, C. N.

Charles the Bald redeemed Paris by the payment of 7000 pounds’ weight of silver; and the English monastery of St. Denis redeemed its abbot from captivity at an expense of 685 pounds’ weight of gold! Both took place in 885.

One of the severest penalties to which criminals in Holland were, in ancient times, condemned, was to be deprived of the use of salt.

In the Cyclades, the male inhabitants are chiefly brought up to the business of sponge-diving: no young man is allowed to marry until he can descend with facility to a depth of twenty fathoms in the sea.

The oldest monument of an English king, which Great Britain contains, is that of King John, in Worcestershire Cathedral. The tomb was opened some years ago, when the skeleton was found in good preservation, and in precisely the same dress as that represented in the statue.

Editor Monthly,—Dear Sir.—I beg to offer my mite of information, with a view of adding to the entertainment of your “Editor’s Letter-Box.” Yours, a Constant Reader.

The first exhibition at Somerset House was in 1769; the number of works of art being 136.

Enoch Crosby, who lately died in America, in the 88th year of his age, was the original of Fenimore Cooper’s character of Harvey Birch, in the novel of “The Spy,” and rendered important services to General Washington, during the American war.

The Roman Empire fell by its own corruptions and weight. All mankind were opposed to its *military despotism* and plundering spirit, and the tribes beyond the undefined boundaries of the Empire, in the north and east suc-

ceeded eventually in driving back the Roman advances, and were led on by victory to penetrate the centre of the empire.

The Editor of the Monthly will oblige J. M. if he will include the following, in the choice bits of the Letter Box.

A man who makes it his business to be in love with twenty pretty women every day, and to say "pretty things" to each, is not a very dangerous character. Still, however, he should be an object of distrust to every parent. His manners may be very pleasing, and his address good, and thereby he might entangle the affections of an amiable woman. If such were the case, papa or mamma should order the young gentleman to the "right about."

[We suspect this "gentle hint" was sent to us by a lady of some condition.---Ed.]

Mr. Editor.—We were so pleased with your "Editor's Letter-Box" affair, that a few good fellows of this University have *determined* on patronizing the same. We shall send, from time to time, a few bits of decent stuff. Mind, you must prove yourself grateful, and put on your Toga when you come this way for the lot.

Cambridge, Sept. 12, 1835.

I am Yours &c. SAM. BRIMMER.

Love is like most epidemics; the more apprehensive we are of it, the more likely we are to imbibe the contagion (Miss Smith was guilty of this truism in a small party, of which I was one, the other night. Miss S. is very clever, doubt it not, Sir).

Fortune, like a rich but extravagant wife, often ruins the man to whom she brings the largest dowry. (Septimus Combe declares that he heard his Aunt Deborah declare, that she heard her Father declare, who heard his Grandfather declare, who also heard his Grandmother's Great Grandfather declare, that this was the case with the people who lived before the Flood.) Very odd!---don't you think so Sir?

Now for a bit of the *crabbid* Mr. Editor; I know that you delight to revel in the really good in Literature---now Sir, smoke this as your *genuine* Havannah, and say not "We murder to dissect."

CRITICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Pindar, Olymp. viii. 102. Instead of the present reading, *ἔστι δὲ καὶ τι θανόντεσσιν μέρος—καννόμενον ἐρδόμενον*, I would propose to read, *ε. δ. κ. τ. θ. μ. κ. ἐρδομένων*. "Est vero et mortuis quædam pars (i. e. gloria) eorum quæ ad normam (sc. a posteris suis) gesta sunt."

2. Eurip. Hippol. 1130. *κατέχων ποδὶ γυμνάδας ἵππους*, read *κατέχων ποδὰ γυμνάδος ἵππων*.

3. Eurip. Hippol. 345. Monck reads this line with a note of interrogation: a note of admiration would seem more fitting.

4. Eurip. Hippol. 784. Read thus: *τί δ' οὐ πάρισι πρόσπολοι νεανίαί*; Quidni adsunt famuli juvenes?

5. Æschyl. Choeph. 827. *ἰφίμερον* seems hardly so good a reading as *ἰφ' ἡμερον*, referring it to *ξίνους μολόντας*.

6. Eurip. Supp. 796. For *ἀμέρα* read *ἀμέρας*, and construe the sentence, "utinam me Cronus, vetus pater, innuptam ad hoc dierum (*δεῦρ' ἀμέρας*) fecisset."

Dear Mr. Editor,—I hear you are beginning to stir your stumps once more. Do let us see something worth calling a "Monthly Magazine." We have been talking the matter over here—a few of us only—a select few: "We" think, judging from the September number, that you will give us the worth of our money. Curse politics, never mind politics; let us have some

devilish good papers, calculated to *move* the sluggards of this poor prison-house. Next month you shall have our Oxford budget, expressly for your OMNIBUS. Keep up your *fare*, mind;--no Taitisms; mind that, old fellow. We drank your health in claret last night—all well—the Doctor *from home*. When you come up, enquire for "Tom Brown of Oxford."

Sept. 18, A. D. 1835.

Yours, &c., Quintus Twister.

P. S. Put in the following, old fellow, will you?

LINES

On a Votive Tablet suspended in a Grecian Temple, beneath a dedicated bow and arrow.

On the wall we hung for ever,
Slacken'd bow and empty quiver :
Ask ye for the winged darts?
Seek them in our foemen's hearts !

To the Editor of the dear old Monthly,---Mister Sir,—Will you have the goodness to inform my Mamma, whether Sir Richard Philips be yet alive? My Mamma says, and indeed directs me to write, that he was, in his day, the very Phœbus of the literary world. My Mamma likes the plan of your "Letter Box." My Mamma thinks it may be made a medium of much real good; and tend to inform, not only the London literati, but also those who reside in the provinces, of what is passing in the literary world. My Mamma says, that what you said concerning the "Bazaar system" in your last number was super-excellent,—and that your advocacy of the cause of female innocence and the ladies, will procure you many valuable and sincere friends. My Mamma thinks that you might mention the price of Consols, and the Long Annuities in your Letter Box. My Mamma is especially interested in them. My Sister Emma says, the poetry in your sensible miscellany, "Woman's Eyes" by the author of the Songs of Switzerland, as well as the poetry by Mrs. Baron Cornwell Wilson, is above praise. My Mamma does not like "Up for Poland?" My Mamma thinks the Poles as little deserving of liberty, in the best acceptation of the word, as La Belle France. My Mamma is no Tory, neither. Dear Mister Editor, I am afraid you will be angry with me: My Mamma says you won't; and Emma is already expecting some more poetry, from the author of the Songs of Switzerland.

Salisbury, Sept. 17.

Yours, very respectfully, L. B.

Editor of the Monthly,—Sir,—I, am ashamed to inform you that Oxford is now without a Liberal paper. The proprietors of the *University Herald* having *touched the coin*: Othello's (and the devil's) occupation are entirely gone. Can you Sir, do us the favour to send down a spirited man and a public writer of the right sort? We mean to influence the price of shares in this quarter. Do write us. The "Monthly" is spoken of in good set terms here.

Yours, W. and Co.

Sept. 16, 1835.

Dear Monthly,—Will you be so good as to make the necessary enquiries, in the proper quarter, in order to ascertain whether Mr. Finlay, of the *Northern Whig*, has been presented by Lord Melbourne with the situation of Commissioner of Stamps? I cannot believe it.

Dublin, Sept. 17, 1835.

Yours, &c. T. B. B.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD YANKEE.---To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine,—Sir,—The origin of the term Yankee, as applied in England to the Americans generally, has often been debated, but never clearly ascertained. Now, I conceive, I can satisfactorily explain it.

It must first be understood that in America, none are called Yankees, but the citizens of the States east of New York; and the southern and western people are as fond of applying the epithet to their eastern neighbours as our own countrymen, without considering its meaning. The state of New York was first taken possession of and settled by the Dutch, under another name, previous to the settlement in the eastern states of the immense number of Puritan families, driven from their country during the re-action of religious opinions on the death of Cromwell, and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. This emigration, increasing to a great extent in a few years, occasioned the appellation of New England to be given to the countries occupied by the fugitives from religious oppression; and the Dutch, who are fond of *soubriquets*, conferred on them the name of *Janje* signifying in their language *Little John*, or a kind of "second chop" Englishman; *Jan* meaning *John*, and *je* forming the diminutive of it. It must also be observed, in elucidation, that the Hollanders apply to every Englishman the name of John, probably from our own custom of calling ourselves John Bull. Thus, *Janje* was supposed by Mynheer to be an appropriate name, mingled with a kind of contempt for his new neighbours, who, he naturally suspected, might ultimately interfere with his interests. The name of *Jonathan*, applied to the Americans generally in England, was probably derived from the same source.---Yours, &c. VIATOR.

To the EDITOR and his Box!--My Dear Sir,---Observing in your last month's notice to Correspondents, respecting the EDITOR'S Box, that "*each take the credit of his own*," I have sent for your insertion some ideas of "mine" on the subject:---

A Box at the Opera, however, it may be embellished with diamonds, and the most costly jewels that can be purchased to decorate the persons of my Lady Duchess, or my Lord Duke, falls short, very short, by comparison, in the eyes of *genius* with the Box of an Editor—in truth, comparisons are odious! Behold the anxious Editor, eager to derive supplies from his Contributors, opening the little door of *his* Box—vested with all the powers of the critic—Yes, the Editor, a kind of literary Atlas,—with a *head* that ought to be worshipped every where, possessing the *eyes* of Argus,—a mind as comprehensive as the Globe,—and an immense creature altogether. His pen, if not viewed as a *tomahawk*, yet nevertheless, cuts as keen as a razor, and *shaves* many a *block-head* without having seen his face. Indeed, the power of an Editor is immense—he is a perfect AUTOCRAT, he has no rebellious subjects to contend with! no COMMONS to stop *his* supplies! and the votes of the LORDS, however mighty in their sway, cannot prevent the Editor from carrying his object. He is likewise armed at all points as to matters of criticism—MUSIC, both instrumental and vocal, he treats with the utmost *sang-froid*! POETRY, he disposes of as "easy as lying!" and he can thrash, tickle, or comment upon the actions of public characters without the fear of a challenge, provided his *task* is performed in a parliamentary manner. He also *wades* through Travels and Tours with the rapidity of *steam*; reduces Historical Researches, and Books of Science to a mere *nutshell*; and Novels and Romances, "save the mark" he gets rid of by the dozen, such as only live for a time, and then are heard no more of. Such is the *dictum* of an Editor—either to dismiss some of the articles presented to his consideration, as the veriest *trash* that ever stained paper; or, by giving insertion to others, as the reward of merit, amidst the doubts and fears of the writers, who feel a sort of "hope deferred;" that disease of the mind, out of the power of physic to alleviate; or, the *grave* advice of the whole College of Physicians to CURE. In fact, there is nothing on the earth like an Editor—but his fellow, an EDITOR!

Only view the still more anxious young poet, making his *début* before the public, who has written "a Sonnet to his Mistress' Eyebrow!" in order to

attract her attention, and also expecting the inexpressible delight of seeing his name in print,—according to the late Lord Byron :—

“ 'Tis pleasant, sure to see one's name in print,
A Book's a *book*, although there's nothing in't ! ”

Then the daring “ *Bombastes Furioso* ” sort of writer, something after the manner of a *bully* in the closet, and a *coward* in the field, sheltered, as it were, by a masked battery, spitting his spite and venom under “ the ANONYMOUS ! ” making the Editor shake his “ hoary locks ” trembling for the result, scarcely knowing what road to pursue to steer clear of “ LIBEL ! ” and to prevent putting in his appearance before the “ *Big Wigs* ! ” Indeed, the *nerves* of an Editor, if not made of *cast iron*, ought nevertheless to be very *firm*, as his Box might prove of the “ *Pandora* ” description, if not well regulated, and kept in order by his *discernment* and knowledge of society !

Ah? who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where FAME's proud temple shines afar !

A case in point occurs to my memory, which not only gave immense importance to the Box of an Editor in the eyes of the world, but also put his person in great peril as to his liberty. I allude to the mighty JUNIUS,—the very climax of *secrecy*, on the part of the writer, and the firmness of the Editor. Perhaps, it is not generally known that a watch was kept by two persons, *one* inside of the Office, and the other outside of the Box to pounce on JUNIUS (for it must be naturally supposed that he would not trust any other person with his correspondence but himself); and also to prevent any thing like a *clue* to his letters, they were invariably sealed with a *guinea*. JUNIUS was never discovered; and it was conjectured that his correspondence was dropped in the Box at the “ very witching time of night.”

But Sir, although *you* may revel with delight in the pleasure and intelligence which your *own* Box produces, yet the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, I am sorry to state (once the “ Great ” and which according to the march of intellect, it ought to become one of the “ greatest ” periodicals of the day) does not give us an account of *other* Boxes, therefore, Mr. Editor let me entreat of you to remedy this defect in future, and bear in mind, that the THEATRICAL CAMPAIGN is about to commence for the Season, when King ALFRED, supported by a very strong staff, “ mounts his barbed steed, to fright the souls of fearful adversaries ; ” and young CHARLES MATTHEWS takes the field (a chip of the Old Block, it is said, which I hope is true), and, according to report, he has already perused *fifty* manuscripts off-hand, and no *humbug* about the *aye* and the *no* ! thus removing all sickness of heart, and suspense from the minds of poor authors. Nevertheless, the “ young manager ” will have a difficult card to play ; but, I trust, he will be supported by all *trumps* ! Although the almost Hercules of the Adelphi Theatre, the out-and-out funny JACK REEVE, has departed to exhibit his powerful capabilities across the *Atlantic* ; the bustling, active YATES, and his inimitable wife, have also quitted “ their *home*,” allured by a *Bunn*—“ it is not all gold that glitters ; ” and “ the HONEY is also lodged in another hive.” “ True, 'tis pity ! But dangers retreat when boldly they are confronted.” Hem !—Shakspeare. FITZBALL, the well-known author of “ the *Pilot*,” endeavoured to hoist his flag on board of that first-rate, the “ Covent Garden,” and prepare for action ; but the elements were too conflicting for him “ to weather the storm.” The SURREY (or, as it is now called “ the *Mint* ” amongst the actors, from its overflowing houses, and nightly filled treasury) all owing to a clever *Cooke*, which the manager engaged as a specimen of his good *taste*, to cater for the Public. SADLER'S WELLS is on the *qui vive*—and novelty is the order of the day ; and the little GARRICK, with some *stuff* attached to it, has made “ a *Conquest*.” The PAVILION has been enlarged and re-opened, and the *notes* of that splendid ballad singer,

Mrs. Waylett, readily turned into cash; added to that comical wight, *Sam Vale*, sending lots of his Majesty's liege subjects with their sides aching with laughter nightly to their beds; and strange to say, yet true, that LEGITIMACY is here a decided feature, *Butler* having performed the character of *Hamlet* thirty-seven nights in one season, in spite of all contradiction on the subject, and the name of *Cobham* in *Richard* is a tower of strength; and overflowing houses are the result of the exertions of the above highly talented actor. The OLYMPIC, under the fascinating VESTRIS, offers "New Revels" from the pen of W. L. Rede. The QUEEN'S THEATRE is still the *ton* at the West End. But the STRAND as a theatre, elegance in miniature, is put on the "silent system." The HAYMARKET season is on the *wane*; according to the old adage that "Time flies." But we are happy to say for the numerous performers out of engagements, that the "Coleman stillness" which has so long clouded the VICTORIA THEATRE is about to be removed, and that GLOSSOP (ably backed) will be himself again. The DUCROW, full of talent from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, will shortly be on the "grand trot" to amuse and excite attention in other parts of the kingdom; and lastly, "though not least in our dear loves," BRAHAM's Theatre is *rising* daily in the eyes of the Public.

The time, Sir, is now arrived—my *exit* is at hand (how I have performed my part is for you, Mr. Editor, to determine). I have got the *cue*, and I am off; but, nevertheless, I remain,

Yours, very truly, A Box-er, but no Pugilist.

From my Garret, Literary Corner, Sept 18, 1835.

We, at the request of G. G. Bennis, Esq., librarian and proprietor of the Paris Advertiser, request that any irregularity in England in the receipt of the Paris Advertiser may be notified to Messrs. Cowie and Son, 30, St. Martin-le-Grand, London; or want of irregularity in Ireland, to Messrs. Johnston and Co., 1, Eden Quay, Dublin; who will at once take measures to correct it. To advertisers its exact arrival is important.

* * Several new publications have been sent in for reviewing, having the superscription "To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine," written on the *title page*. To prevent disappointment, the Editor begs to inform those who have done so that such works will not be noticed. It is surely quite sufficient to write his address on the wrapper paper. There are two ways of doing things. Advertising will ensure publicity, and answer the ends of all parties: there is nothing half so advantageous to the bookseller.

We are deeply obliged to our pains-taking correspondent at Dublin.

The note under the signature W. B., Salisbury, has been received.

The request of C. T. shall be complied with.

Several unauthenticated papers are lying before us.

We beg to intimate, once for all, to our "trusty friends" and correspondents, but especially to contributors, that we cannot ensure attention to their communications, unless they be sent in, before the 16th of the month, to Messrs. Sherwood and Co.

To the Editor—Sir, If it be not "out of order," and consequently deemed "unparliamentary" by you, may I beg the favour of your inserting the following?—

Camden Town, Sept. 8.

Yours, &c., R. S.

Johnson's View of the House of Commons.—He observed, "The House of Commons was originally not a privilege of the people, but a check for the Crown on the House of Lords. I remember Henry VIII. wanted them to do something; they hesitated in the morning, but did it in the afternoon; he told them, 'It is well you did, or half your heads should have been upon

Temple Bar.' But the House of Commons is now no longer under the power of the crown, and therefore must be bribed." Thus bribery was ever the great Tory specific. Was the Doctor a Whig or a Tory?

To the Editor—Sir, I see you have treated your readers to a sight of your Monthly Correspondence in the shape of a "Letter-Box." I beg to contribute to the innocent merriment I have no doubt your next will contain, by transmitting a copy of verses which my nephew found last afternoon in the vicinity of the House of Commons, the insertion of which will oblige a very old subscriber to the Monthly.

George-street, Westminster, Sept. 11.

Yours, G. D. D.

WHO THREW OUT THE WHIG BILL?

A Parody on the Nursery Rhyme, entitled "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

Who threw out the Whig Bill?

I, said Lord Trixter,
With Copley's Elixir,
I threw out the Whig Bill.

Who counted its full-stops?

I, said Lord Filpotts,
With Church and King fleshpots,
I number'd its full stops.

Who mock'd at the measure?

I, said Lord Treasure,
I mock'd—"during pleasure,"—
I mock'd at the measure.

Who besides saw it die?

Myself, said Lord Spy:
With my Tory eye,
I myself saw it die.

Who else saw it perish?

I, said Lord Cherish:
With Church and King relish,
I, too, saw it perish.

Where then did they take it?

Below said Lord Snake it,
With his hand held to shake it,
To the Commons they took it.

Did it lie there in state?

Just so, said Lord Hate,
With his twaddle 'bout fate—
Yes, it lay there in state.

Were its Lords seen to cry?

Many, said Lord Sly,
(With a "wink" of his eye)
I myself, saw them cry.

Who slaughtered the Bill?

I, said Lord Kill,
With my Waterloo pill;
I slaughtered the Bill.

What a fib!—said a Bishop:

'Twas I, with Church Hyssop,
And my ungodly kick-up:
With a fib I'll not put up.

Who writ its epitaph?

I, said Lord Laugh:
With my Brough'm-i-graph,
I did the epitaph.

How does it read now?

Enquir'd Lord Bow-wow,
(Who long'd for a fresh row)
How does it read now?

Just let me scan it—do,

Said Lord Doodle-do,
With his garter ribbon blue,
Just let me scan it—do.

This Bill (read Lord Numskull)

Was meant to be *useful*,
But its fate was too painful
To make John Bull grateful.

Did B. write this epitaph?

Yes, quoth Lord Autograph;
With his legal pentagraph—
Great B. made the epitaph.

Well! said Lord Windurst,

If I like it why I'm curst:
(Fillpotts had nearly burst)
If I like it, why I'm curst.

Quoth Exeter, Dash my wig,

If I'll again run the rig,
And try to look Bishop-big,
Like another Church and King prig.

No, No, spake Lord Blarney—

Ye may *walk* to Killarney:
And never more swarm ye—
Take leave of your House and your *See*.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine—Sir, Permit me to inform you, and, through your admirably designed Letter-Box, the public, that a report

is being industriously circulated, and by some persons believed, which would assure us that the whiskers and mustachios of Lord Ellenborough are to be put up for sale at the Auction Mart early next month. It is supposed that the *conservatives* will buy them in, in order that they may be rendered useful, as an attempt to frightening away the liberals who are wont to walk to and fro in Pall Mall. A Subscriber to the "Monthly" since 1798.

Carlton Club House, Sept. 13.

[We really hope this report may not prove correct. We hold it to be mere fudge. Not that we desire to insinuate that the individual lord alluded to either approximates, or is connected with, the Fudge Family of England. *Comme il faut.*—ED.]

To the Editors of the Monthly—Gentlemen, I beg to hand you a short transcript of what I understand is to form the substance of Lord Ellenborough's next proposition to the managerial peers of parliament.

Chelsea, Sept. 20.

Yours, &c., J. G. G.

Why cannot Apes talk?—I have been asked by men of the first education and talent whether any thing *really deficient* had been discovered in the organs of voice in the ourang-outang to prevent him from speaking? The reader will give me leave to place this matter correctly before him. In speaking, there is first required a certain force of expired air, or an action of the whole muscles of respiration; in the second place, the vocal chords, in the top of the wind-pipe, must be drawn into accordance by their muscles, else no vibration will take place, and no sound issue; thirdly, the open passages of the throat must be expanded, contracted, or extended by their numerous muscles, in correspondence with the condition of the vocal chords, or glottis; and these must all sympathize before even a simple sound is produced. But to articulate that sound, so that it may become a part of a conventional language, there must be added an action of the pharynx—of the palate—of the tongue and lips. The exquisite organization for all this is not visible in the organs of the voice as they are called: it is to be found in the nerves which combine all these various parts in one simultaneous act. The meshes of the spider's web, or the cordage of a man of war, are few and simple compared with the concealed filaments of nerves which move these parts; and if but one be wanting, or its tone or action disturbed in the slightest degree, every body knows how a man will stand with his mouth open, twisting his tongue and lips in vain attempts to utter a word. It will now appear that there must be distinct lines of association suited to the organs of voice—different to combine them in the bark of a dog, in the neighing of a horse, or in the shrill whistle of the ape. That there are wide distinctions in the structure of the different classes of *animals* is most certain; but, independently of those which are apparent, there are "secret and minute varieties" in the associating chords. The *ape*, therefore, does not articulate; first, because the organs are not perfect to this end: secondly, because the nerves do not associate these organs in the variety of action which is necessary to speech; and, lastly, were all the exterior apparatus perfect, there is no impulse to that act of speaking.

Though an Editor, yet nevertheless we are susceptible of the humanities. What could we do with the following letter and its enclosure? Duty urged us to consign the "Poem" to its proper depository—the trash basket; but the signature, "The Son of a Subscriber for the last twenty-seven years," unmanned us quite, and public duty yielded to private courtesy.

("Private.")

"To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine—Sir, I hand you the enclosed Poem, and request that you will be pleased to give it a conspicuous place in the pages of your periodical. I do think you will admit it to be both caustic and pointed; and, as much of its force would be lost if the insertion be de-

layed for another month, I confidently trust you will secure its appearance in a handsome situation in the forthcoming number, namely, that for October.

"I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

"The Son of a Subscriber for the last twenty-seven years."

"P. S. I presume I need not say that though it is affected to be written by a tailor, my actual station in society is *somewhat higher*."

HEREDITARY SNIPS. By a TAILOR.

"What would any of you say to an hereditary tailor?"

Speech of Mr. O'Connell at Manchester.

Call names, Dan, abuse
 Folks as much as you choose
 If you find they refuse to take side with *repalers*,
 But permit me to ask
 (For I do not object to your self-imposed task)
 Was it worthy the cause, the account, the occasion,
 Your talents, your station, your rank, reputation,
 Could it tend to facilitate "agitation,"
 Was it just, legitimate, wise, or fair
 So to compare
 The bat-blind lords with the sharp sighted tailors?
 O fie!
 These are liberal times, and the days are gone by
 To allude to professions invidious-ly;
 Did you mean to imply
 To these green-witted peers, a propensi-ty
 Which 'tis often our lot,
 Through a vulgar, insulting, and thread-bare tirade
 Against the trade,
 To be twitted for feeling in—you know what?
 Did you wish, by means
 Of connecting the peers
 With the "knights of the shears,"
 And for raising a laugh, and a few "hear, hears,"
 To hash up a dish of *cabbage* and *greens*!
 If the lords take a noisy and bustling pleasure
 In snipping to bits every liberal measure;
 You may think, as I think, they are geese for their fuss,
 But why throw your irony, Dan, on us?
 O! shame, O'Connell! you're not, I swear,
 A ninth part of the man I thought you were!
 You chuckled yourself, and your listeners laughed at it,
 (Your wit),
 But you've injured a very respectable craft,
 And brought foul disgrace
 On a useful and most inoffensive race;
 For now, I fear,
 Whenever hereafter they happen to hear
 Of a *tailor*, the people will think of a *peer*!

The fragment sent in by some new hand at his trade, were it not for the impost, which was paid inadvertently by our Publishers, would not have been noticed. We caution K. T. L. not to repeat the imposition.

THE EDITOR'S LAST "RAMAS."

Several New and interesting Works have been sent during the last ten days, which we could not include in that department of our present Number. They shall all have due, and we trust satisfactory attention in course of publication. Books for reviewing should be sent to Messrs. SHERWOOD and Co., *before* the 15th of the Month.

We deem it our business to particularise the following, which have come to hand since the 24th Inst., namely :—

I. Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1826. By L. E. L.

WE have only cast our eyes over this elegant Annual, which will, we think, be eagerly bought up. It has no competitor, in fact.

II. The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual, 1836. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS.

A work of considerable merit. The Princess Victoria is its patroness. It is beautifully appointed. We cordially wish the spirited publishers more than ordinary success. They deserve it.

III. The Historical Keepsake for 1836. Edited by JOHN WATSON DALBY, with Engravings from original designs and from celebrated pictures. Thomas Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

THIS is a very useful and interesting work. To those who can only afford to lay out 7s. 6d. in the purchase of an annual, we earnestly recommend the "Historical Keepsake,"—combining, as it does, economy with utility. We are of opinion that the Publisher has done well in fixing its price at 7s. 6d.

IV. Affection's Keepsake for 1836. By T. A. Simpink, Marshall, and Co.

A charming little work that bespeaks unaffected praise. The Editor seems to have taken infinite pains with his new offspring; and, to our minds, has succeeded in producing something *new*—and worth keeping. The price is very moderate. We predict that it will be a favourite.

V. A New Work in Quarto, on the Solution of Numerical Equations. By C. STURM. Translated by W. H. Spiller. John Souter, London: Bachelier, Paris,

* * Mr. Virtue will perceive that we have made the *amende honorable*. We admit there was cause for complaint.

THE EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

Monthly Magazine Office, 30 Sept. 1835.

THE revolution of "mind" in England, is progressing : and every succeeding twenty-four hours of time, bring us new and successful proofs of the good sense of the BRITISH PEOPLE. There is not the slightest necessity for using violence in any part of the affair. The French Revolution was one of violence, and it failed, and deservedly so ; as the English one will fail also, if violence be employed. It has been the practice of England, hitherto, to improve upon the conduct of France ; and why should not this be the case with revolutions as with every thing else ? The English *revolution of mind* must be carried on in peace, with justice, honour, good faith, and integrity observed towards every one ; it will then succeed, and will cover the British name with an imperishable renown, a "surprising glory" that will last for ever. Englishmen must retain their institutions, but in a limited and reformed degree, and not allow the property of either to be diverted to *useless* purposes, and they will gain the point which the nation is in search of, and which, unless these institutions be kept inviolate, will be lost. France used her utmost endeavours for extinguishing every trace and vestige of her ancient institutions, without reference to what was good in them, and what was bad. England must demand the preservation of hers, insisting merely upon their being carried properly into practice, with such improvements added as recent experience has shown to be advisable — for the *theory* of her beautiful constitution is truly excellent.

But the PEOPLE must be up and doing. These are no ordinary times. It was but the other day that the English nation resembled a vessel which, having no "commander," and being borne along a narrow passage between rocks, by a furious current (breakers being plainly visible a-head), whilst her crew were all ignorantly and madly bent upon leaving her to follow her own course, instead of attempting to put her about, to our minds, appeared sure to strike and fall to pieces. Nothing, we are certain, could have saved from the destruction that seemed to await her, but some one man, wiser and bolder than the rest, stepping forward, at all hazards, to take the command of her out of the hands of her besotted and imbecile crew, and *trim her sails* in defiance of them all. We do not allude to HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY himself—who, as a true British sailor, saw and sanctioned ultimately this bold attempt,—but to the King's Prime Minister.

HARK ! the drums of Russia beat ;
 Hark ! the Prussian trumpets sound ;
 Hark ! the serfs, with hostile feet,
 Tramp on Poland's vanquish'd ground.
 " Come to Kalisch ! " cries the Czar,
 " Come, despots all, from ev'ry coast !
 Join th' exterminating war,
 I wage upon each patriot host ! "
 Excuses bland now Envoys bear ;
 But Metternich is soon at hand ;
 And Hell's ambassador is there—
 The grisly duke of *Cumber-land*.
 Old Talleyrand and *deep Pozzo* *
 Despatches hand from Frenchmen's king,
 And Nesselrode, from Greek Otho,
 Is bidden *many thanks* to bring.
 The Comet † too ! ah ! art thou there,
 To witness Russian orgies dire ?
 We heard thou'dst soon be *near the Bear* ;
 And now thy meaning will transpire.
 Thou com'st, no doubt, at Heav'n's behest,
 To warn the despots of their fate ;
 To give to troubled Europe rest,
 And with thy *tail* knock down the *bête* (beast).

* The poet has here been under the necessity of sacrificing *quantity to metre* ; but the reader who is in the least acquainted with the diplomatic characters of Europe, must know that the name of *Pozzo di Borgo*—anglicé, " The Town Well," was conferred on the ancestors of that worthy, with a nobility of the sixth degree, by some viceroi of Corsica, because they were possessed of the important property of the Town Well. Pozzo, at the time the English took possession of Corsica, was scampering about the mountains of that island, the adherent of any party who would better his scanty fortune. He attached himself, therefore, to *Paoli*, who had become a partizan of the English, and acted as a kind of *aide-de-camp* to that General at the village of Furiani, near Bastia, until the country had surrendered to the British force under Lord Hood, and Sir Gilbert Elliot (afterwards Lord Minto) was made Viceroi. Pozzo then had a pension bestowed on him, in hopes of preventing his joining in the French intrigues which threw Corsica again under the sway of the French republic. But Pozzo contrived to ingratiate himself with that government, and held some situation in France until the rise of Napoleon, who, it would seem, discountenanced him ; as he was some years afterwards heard of at the court of St. Petersburg, in high favour with Alexander, where his intriguing qualities were found useful in *various* capacities. The author of this note, who can vouch for its authenticity, would not have been so prolix, if he had not seen, in an obscure London weekly paper, a long rigmarole concerning this *brilliant* diplomatist, which had been probably picked up by the writer from some foreign scribbler who knew as little of Pozzo as the English *News-monger* himself.

† The Comet of 1811 was said, by the soothsayers, to portend the speedy fall of Napoleon ; and, in fact, that son of Fortune fell very soon after the advent of the mysterious messenger.

THE LAST SESSION.

CONSUMMATUM EST! The tories have closed their senseless labours, and with their pestiferous breath have blasted the hopes of a great nation, on whose shoulders they have been raised to the controlling power they possess over the people's rights and just demands. Deaf as adders to the voice of reason, duty, and humanity, they would even *shake the throne* to preserve their own authority, and to hold dominion over the purses and liberties of their fellow-subjects. What, then, should the Commons do? The question has been answered in the Great Council of the nation; it has been answered, by the general voice, from Penzance to the Hebrides, and will be answered by the mighty acclaim of millions who have long felt the unrelenting lash of an oligarchic faction, which, if not subdued, will nullify every measure by which England can be saved from convulsion—from a conflict more fatal than any recorded in the history of modern revolutions.

The people of England have proved themselves hitherto the most patient, the most enduring, of any on earth; they have cowered too long before

“The bishop's mitre, and high plumery
Of insolent chieftains;”

they have borne the ‘whips and scorns,’ and supplied the extravagant demands, of their oppressors with unexampled fortitude, in hopes that some regard to humanity, some Christian feeling, would at length enter their breasts, and relieve the suffering nation from burdens too ponderous for its strength: but the “last session” of their lordly rulers have convinced them that there is no help for England, but in cutting off the resources of a faction become paramount in the state, and whose very existence depends on the fiat of the oppressed. The Commons’ House has nobly done its duty; it has convinced the people that they have still a portion in the land of their fathers, and that they have the *power*, if they have the *will*, to liberate themselves from the unholy chains which have kept them

in subjection. The "last session" has proved that all the eloquence, all the remonstrances, all the warnings of a virtuous few in their *Lordships' House*, can work no good in a body predetermined to trample on national rights, and renew the iron age of baronial dominion. The mild and unanswerable reasonings of Melbourne; the straight-forward and mighty oratory of Brougham, and the manly resistance of the rest of the minority in the Upper House, could have no effect in an assembly on which the finger of Heaven has set its seal of reprobation.

Let us bear in mind that this obstinacy in the Lords—this manifestation of contempt for the desires of the Commons—is displayed at the very moment when the tyrants of Europe are convened, as is supposed, to crush every attempt of the people of all countries to emancipate themselves from despotic government;—let us reflect that the Prime Minister of the Orange faction in this country is deputed to assist at the diabolical orgies which are taking place at Kalisch;—let us also take into the account the infamous measures of the hypocritical usurper, Louis Philippe, to stifle the last spark of liberty in France;—let us not forget that the dunderheaded king of Dutchland is moving heaven and earth to regain the sovereignty of the Netherlands, which his insane policy (similar to that of our lords) so deservedly lost;—and then it will require but little stretch of judgment to divine the ultimate views of the congress at Tæplitz. That *our* lords have separated themselves completely from the interests of the mass of the people of Great Britain, there can now be but little doubt. They may henceforth be considered as part and parcel of the "foreign *clique*," which aims at nothing less than absolute sway over the lives and liberties of free-born men, and the enforcement of worse than Turkish institutions on national governments. However France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and Italy may endure their dictation, England, isolated as she is, need not fear, if she be true to herself, and watch with jealous apprehension the manœuvres of her internal foes. By crushing the insatiable faction which is now preying upon our vitals, and endeavouring to paralyse our energies, we may stand aloof, laugh at its liberticide machinations, and even stay the arm of foreign oppression: we may, with only a thousandth part of the treasure which was wasted in saving from the grasp of Napoleon the heartless despots who would now compass the destruction of all popular

independence, shield surrounding nations from an iron sway, and call down upon us the blessings of a grateful world. The thunder of Kalisch may roll ; its lightnings gleam through affrighted Europe ; but Britain, as of yore, may divert the storm, and turn it on the heads of those who raised it.

Our remedy at home is easy. It requires but the simple operation of CLOSING OUR POCKETS. The sinews of war are in our gift ; and we must, in reason, in justice, withhold them from those who would fight against us. We have but to arm ourselves with the resolution not to pay a government which is at variance with our welfare. We love our legitimate sovereigns ; we would honour and obey them ; and when we find them choosing as their counsellors men who sympathize with the nation, who identify themselves with its prosperity, who feel for its wants, and are willing to relieve it from burdens which the pride, ambition, and extravagance of a mad aristocracy have entailed upon it, we would risk with cheerfulness our lives and fortunes in their support : but if the intrigues of party be suffered to taint the fountain of royalty, and poison the streams which should fill the land with health and gladness, we must turn away with sorrow, and invoke the Almighty Disposer of events to avert the evil they may produce. We know that we have Generals and Judges who would willingly enact the parts of a Jeffries and a Kirk. We know that there are men who lie in wait to *force* themselves into power, and coerce the sovereign's sanction to all the enormities which distinguished the reign of the fugitive James, and that of the good, but too credulous, George the Third. We know that imprisonment, confiscations, and violent measures, of the worst description, have occupied the contemplations of our short-sighted oligarchy. But we rely on the wisdom and firmness of William the Fourth, to eschew their counsels, and put his trust in subjects, who alone can protect him from the grasp of ambition—a monster already putting forth its “ feelers ” to ascertain its force, for the destruction of British independence and of the *throne itself*. Heaven avert the calamity ! In the hearts of a free people, legitimate sovereignty is safe : in their enmity it must fall. The present ministry may steer the vessel of the state to a happy destination ; they have the ability and the means of doing so ; but they must throw off all fear of the Hydra which menaces them, and, supported by the strength of the people, they must march with a firm step

to the annihilation of a power which has too successfully, in the "last session," frustrated their plans, and set at nought their anxious labours. They must insist on a cheap government; on a retrenchment of extravagant expenses; on a free untaxed use of the press; on the abolition of the unnatural corn-laws; and on the destruction of *holy alliance* influence, abroad and at home. Then will they have a just claim to the respect of the sovereign, and to the love and devotion of the country. Flinching in this, they will become the mockery of the oligarchic pandemonium; and the sun of their popularity will set in storm and darkness, never to rise again. Their talents are above praise, and their intentions cannot be doubted. Firmness and uncompromising opposition to lordly dominion is all that is wanting to secure their seats in the ministry and in the hearts of millions who await with anxiety the result of their endeavours.

The last hope of the oligarchs is *per fas aut nefas*, to induce his majesty to change the ministry and dissolve the Parliament. Let them try the experiment! They will then see how much the nation is alienated from them;—they will be convinced that their reign is over. They may then hear counsel again, as to the verity of our assertions, and as to the propriety of throwing out the various bills which their lordships had not *leisure* to consider in the last session; one of the most grievous, of which to them, perhaps, is the Bill relating to Imprisonment for Debt. If that were passed, it would oblige them to pay their tradesmen, now debarred by the shameful privilege of *peers* from obtaining satisfaction of their just demands. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Wetherell and Knight must again be put in requisition, to twaddle over the injustice of such a law, and attempt to prove that their lordships may swindle with impunity. Far be it from us, however, to apply these remarks to many of their lordships, than whom more honourable men do not exist; and were the whole *house* of their stamp, the claims of justice would be heard; misery would vanish; the channels of labour would be refreshed with the waters of prosperity; our valleys would again smile; and the dawn of a golden day would once more gladden our now oppressed land.

And who are the people who would stand by the lords in their attempts to enslave us? We scarcely need answer the question to its full extent; but we may enumerate a great part of those who are

deeply interested in the continuance of lordly despotism, and the progress of fraud and profligacy :—the pensioners, the sinecurists, the little chartered lords of boroughs and cities ; the managers of old charitable institutions ; the hedge-lawyers ; the bailiffs and their fiend-like followers. And who are the people who will support the claims of liberty ? We answer—Every man in the land who has the fear of God before his eyes—every man who believes that there is a future state, in which his merits and demerits will be canvassed, and in which he will be rewarded or punished. And yet, against these latter the hypocritical cry is raised of “ the church is in danger ! ” The *pseudo* church is indeed in danger : a church supported by frauds of the blackest dye, trampling on a nation in the name of that meek and all bountiful Redeemer, who impressed upon his disciples the absolute necessity of forbearance, humility, rejection of high places, honours, and dignities, and who himself rode on an ass, the meanest of beasts of burden, to exemplify the simplicity by which the Christian character should be distinguished :—a *soi disant reformed* church, raised upon the spoils of the *scarlet* one of Rome, long since shorn, and justly so, of the greater part of its superstitious influence over an ignorant people. But what became of the riches of the despoiled church ? Were they distributed amongst the poor and needy ? Were they appropriated according to the doctrines of the great Founder of the true Christian church ? Oh, no : they were awarded to fatten and pamper the reformed church ; to continue the bug-bear, in another shape, of the necessity of bishops, and archbishops, and sinecurists, and pluralists, and all the sable train of ecclesiastical mummery ; in fine, to raise up a Hierarchy only to be equalled in atrocity by the Oligarchy with which it is now united, to wrest the last crust from the hands of poverty, and barter away the rights and privileges of free-born men. But the lords feel that they are arrested in their career : the awful voice of Public Opinion has sounded in their ears like the thunder of a cataract, which they begin to suspect may overwhelm them ; and their “ last session,” they perceive, may be indeed *the last*, in which their antics may be played and their wickedness tolerated. The banners of the Cross must be separated from the banners of blood ;—the union of the cassock and the sword must be dissolved ;—or the “ last session ” of the Commons will be the *last* of its independence and safety.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY, what art thou? My *poor mind*
 Ranges in vain through regions of deep thought
 To seek a fitting semblance of thee!—nought
 Can I collect!—tis vain!—I cannot find
 Ideas with which I might thine image bind.
 What are the ages that old Time hath brought,
 Compar'd with thee? the fame of battles fought,
 Though living as the world?—a gust of wind,
 That sweeps along, and then is heard no more.
 And what is boasted Time himself to thee?
 A flame that for a moment bright will soar,
 Leaving deep gloom through which no eye can see.
 Or, 'tis a wave that ripples to the shore,
 And dies upon thy rock—Eternity!

T.

A CHAPTER ON FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

BOSWELL, in his entertaining medley called "The Life of Johnson," has recorded the following saying of that dictatorial sage, "When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be *abused* long. Mankind will not bear it." In fact, it is insufferable: and, in the present day of educated humanity, our common nature shudders at the bare recital of an attempt to perpetrate so shameful an act of moral turpitude. Witness the daily bitterness of denunciation expressed by all patriotic and good men (to whom alone I address myself) relative to the subjugation, first, and *absolute* destruction, secondly, of Poland. Poland once stood with all the attributes of national glory and honour, perfectly upright in the scale of the nations of the ennobled earth, cheering, by her valour and patriotism—upholding by her physical courage—supporting by her paternal care—fostering, by her strong and natural affection,—instructing, by means of her intellectual pretensions, all and every lover of the rights of man, without regard to country or clime. Behold her grovelling in that dust—which the indestructible God of nations has written in the book of life "the tyrant himself shall be made to lick." "If a sovereign," said Dr. Johnson, "oppress his people to a great degree, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature that will keep us safe under every form of government."—Vol. i. p. 367.

If this sentence was not a sally in the heat of conversation, probably elicited by the doctor's love of contradicting what any one else advanced, it is a singular instance of the incorrectness of his reasoning on these topics. Passing over the scope he seems to give

to the resistance of subjects, and the very unpolite indifference with which he speaks of cutting off kings' heads—strokes of *jacobinism* which could scarcely have been expected from the always slovenly dressed doctor—there is the strange absurdity of considering it as the same thing whether “evils” are prevented, or are redressed after they had been felt. Let us apply the same mode of arguing to a more familiar case. “When I assert that it is no matter what regimen a man keeps, I consider, that if he eats or drinks too much, he will make himself sick, or will be obliged to fast or take physic. There is in the human constitution a remedial power, which, after a certain process of suffering, will bring the machine right again.”

The exactness of this parallel cannot, I think, be disputed; and, if the maxim be false and absurd in the latter case, it must be the same in the former. The government of a state, like the regimen of the human body, is intended to prevent disorders, and preclude the necessity of painful and dangerous remedies, which in themselves are as much an evil as the diseases they are meant to cure. Though the *loyal* James Howell, the letter-writer, said, coolly enough, after the execution of Charles I., “I will attend with patience how England will thrive, now thus she is let blood in the basilical vein, and cured, as they say, of the king's evil;” yet a man less loyal in principle might *regret* the severity of the treatment, and wish that a better balance of power at that period had rendered it unnecessary. Mr. Pope, indeed, seems to encourage the same indifference to political systems in his noted couplet,

“For forms of government, let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best :”

but his commentator, who justly observes that these lines, if so understood, oppose his own express preceding words, contends that therefore their meaning *must* be different; though it does not clearly appear what else they can mean. Doubtless the government that is *best* administered, *i. e.* most for the substantial happiness of the people, is best; I would have the people free—free as the birds of air! but the question recurs, what kind of government is most likely to be so administered? and surely all *forms* are not of the same tendency in this respect.

The position of the sagacious author of *Rasselas* is not less erroneous historically than logically. It is very far from being true that “oppressed people” have always risen against their tyrants, and still further that their insurrections have been successful. The records of mankind rather exhibit a perpetual succession of oppressions, some of whom indeed have revenged upon their predecessors the evils they inflicted, but without any permanent amelioration of the lot of the governed. If we look upon maritime or continental Europe at the present day, and after upwards of six thousand years of civil dissensions, what do we see but an acquiescence, nearly universal, in exercises of authority, so far from conducing to the general good, that there is scarcely a point in which they do not thwart private felicity. A neighbouring country worked into the highest pitch of frenzy by long—and too generally

absolute—oppression, after bleeding very freely both in the “basilical” and every other vein, has subsided into a state of passive despondent submission to a usurped authority, infinitely more galling and dreadfully rigorous than that which it [threw off; and has become the instrument of extending the same iron sway over all Europe, with the exception of merry but determined England!

I would seriously ask my devoted countrymen, What is this Island? It is the seat of a form of government the most nicely balanced and adjusted, the most carefully planned and vigilantly supported, that the admiring world ever saw: and surely the many arduous struggles about it have not been the “contest of fools!” This form is, in fact, its essence. That combination of different orders and interests by which its legislative proceedings, and the freedom of discussion, together with the saving influence of an unfettered press, are the real safeguards against those *abuses* of authority which the immense power necessarily placed in the hands of the executive government cannot but tend to generate. The totality of “public power” is, indeed, by its nature unlimited; but the limitation of each branch of it is by express stipulations, and the check given one to another creates all the difference between a tyranny and a constitution. Never, then, let an indifference towards “*forms*” enter into the political feelings of this *aroused* but forbearing nation!

The lion,—that noble creature, will, sometimes bear a great deal of trifling provocation from its keeper: but no sooner shall he have passed the usual bounds of petty managerial tyranny, and inflicted a fresh torture on the spirit of the king of the forest—than he is brought low, beneath the “living thing” whose patience and masculine modesty he had stupidly insulted; and perhaps the *framework* of his flesh-eaten carcase left exposed under the eye of the burning sun—as an example to other keepers—if not to the whole world. In addressing the people, I would, in a pure and Christian spirit,—a spirit of loyalty, not of vulgar disaffection—advise the keepers of monarchies to take warning by the example also. “The press, my lords, and the stage,” said the great Clarendon “are our great outposts; without their salutary aid we are as nothing in the balance.”

England and America, at the close of their civil wars, had long-received notions of legitimate authority to recur to, which soon healed the public wounds, and restored an orderly course of administration. France, self-tortured France, in the same conjuncture, had nothing left worthy of renewal, and therefore, after the wildest innovations, sank into submission to a single will. How striking is the condition of that unhappy and devoted country at the present moment, when contrasted with her “predicament” at the epoch I have just referred to! France cannot in the nature of things, in *her present condition*, be rendered competent to enjoy liberty. It were merely pandering to her inherent vanity to assert it; and the man that dare assert it, I would not believe to be a real friend to the sacred and heaven-directed cause of civil and religious freedom. Let those answer who may. I am with and for the people! Ancient forms may be improved with the progress of knowledge and experience;

but it must be done in conformity with their own principles, and with the preservation of their essential parts. The bulk of a nation can never be sufficiently enlightened, or free from *passion* and *prejudice*, to concur in an entirely new system, recommended only by abstract ideas of utility. If they are not attached to "*forms*," they will be attached to *men*; and their fantastical partialities will certainly lead them to excessive and misplaced confidence. Nothing, indeed, is a stronger proof of the want of a "constitution," properly so called, than placing the public trust in times of difficulty upon an *INDIVIDUAL*, rather than upon a national body. The circumstance constitutes one of the most observable differences between popular and monarchical governments. Those of my countrymen who can, I would have remember that Rome, when Hannibal was at her gates, confided in her Senate, the depository of the combined wisdom of the state, and actuated by an unchangeable spirit, Rome, at a later period, when pressed by the inroads of barbarians, had nothing else to trust to than the *character* of the Emperor of the day, or that of his favourite.

It has been a subject of controversy whether "national character" creates forms of government, or whether these forms create national character. That they reciprocally influence each other cannot be doubted; but on considering the very different kinds of government in which nations similar in origin and bodily temperament have settled, it would appear, that, while local circumstances or accidents have chiefly conduced to form these various governments, the formation of national character has been a subsequent effect. Lycurgus and Solon legislated for two neighbouring tribes of the same nation; but the operations of their several institutions rendered Athens and Sparta as different from each other, in manners and principles, as if they had been seated in different parts of the globe. It would, I fear, be paying too great a compliment to the primitive character of the people of England, to assert that their extraordinary attachment to liberty, and their valour in its defence, were the causes of the establishment of a free government here, while so many nations of the same stock sank into a state of political slavery. But, since its constitution has been fortunately settled on a firm basis of public freedom, it has been manifestly instrumental in producing a national character different from, and, I may boldly affirm, in several respects superior to, that of every other European country. Its influence is rendered strikingly apparent by a comparison of the *English* with the *German* character. Both people have a frankness and honesty of disposition derived from their Gothic ancestry; but while long habits of rigorous subordination, enforced by exertions of arbitrary power, and by a gradation of ranks which admits of no intercommunity between the high and low, have rendered the *German* formal, complimentary, and submissive to authority, the *Englishman* is distinguished by an air of independence, a disregard to ceremonial forms, and a spirit of resistance to assumed superiority, naturally flowing from a polity in which

Even the peasant boasts the right to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as *man*.

The natural effect of the feudal constitution was to produce a martial, high-spirited order of nobility, of whom the remains were lately seen in Poland, and are probably now to be found in Spain, and who singularly contrast with the effeminate and servile nobles of absolute monarchies, who exist but in a court, and whose fate depends upon the nod of a prince or a minister. How greatly "habitual slavery" debases the human character has been remarked from the earliest period; and its effects are equally obvious upon the hardy native of the north and the languid inhabitant of the tropics, as, on the contrary, the dignifying effects of freedom are alike conspicuous in all climates: but the lot of liberty or slavery to individuals is generally determined by causes beyond their power of control, and small states must submit to such modifications of their government as great ones please to enjoin. When the rest of the civilized world had received the Roman yoke, it was in vain for the Greeks to contend for their independence; and so speedily was their noble spirit broken by subjugation, that, under the empire, the *Græculus* at Rome was distinguished from other foreigners only by greater proficiency in the arts of adulation and servility.

Man is by nature weak and timid; his first care is self-preservation, and, if he cannot find it in the mutual protection of his fellows, he will seek it in submission to a potent master. The source to which he looks for support constitutes all the difference between the various states of civil society. If he holds his security from a community of which he forms a part, or from laws made and administered by persons who have a common interest with himself, he feels and acts like a free man: if, on the contrary, his dependence is upon the arbitrary will of one or more, he sinks to the level of a slave. The habit of relying on legal government, even where there is no adequate assurance of its continuance, inspires a portion of the manly confidence of freedom. Thus the parliaments, or courts of law, in France displayed a noble spirit of resistance to despotism, even under the most tyrannical reigns. A poor man once refused to part with his cottage to Frederick of Prussia, who offered him a price much beyond its value. "Do not you know (said the monarch) that I could take it from you without any compensation whatever?" "You might (he replied) if there was no Burgher's court at Berlin." George the Fourth of England felt dreadfully annoyed when he was told that the blacksmith, who plied his forge opposite the pavilion at Brighton, in a miserable hut, his own freehold—that, if he *sold*, he must be paid ten times its value before he parted with it. The British king knew there was no law to make the son of Vulcan give up his property, and therefore, ultimately, the sum demanded was paid for it.

From the preceding considerations I should conclude that forms of government are of essential importance, not only to the political state of a country, but to the formation of its moral character, which can never be noble or elevated when its constitution is servile. To preserve in their integrity, and in spirit as well as in name, such as have been established by the wisdom and virtue of past ages, and sanctioned by long experience, is therefore one of the first

of political duties; as, on the other hand, indifference about them, inculcated by the doctrine that "all are alike," is one of the surest symptoms that all are *not* alike.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

O WHY art thou driven from Gaul and from glory,
Thou proud man of war, but unworthy at home?
Why, why, wilt thou suffer Posterity's story
To be blotted by folly and crime yet to come?

Awake from those visions of tyranny,—madness;
Shake off the base cov'ring of pride and deceit:
Shouldst thou falter—for France there is anarchy's sadness—
Despair and destruction thy house both await.

For Gaul's sake, arouse thee, and put on the FATHER,
Not only thy *race*—but thy people cry "come!"
Despise not the counsel of man, and a brother,
Ere thy kingdom depart, and thy sceptre be gone!

Arise from the midst of defection and treason,
Where the name of Napoleon alone was the charm:
For whom a long time they took leave of their reason,
Till Tyranny came, with his HOLY "alarm!"

Then thou know'st, faithless Philippe, they left *him* to perish;
Nor dared they to conquer for Liberty's sake;
No, they never—they cannot—the pure feeling cherish
Of Freedom, free-born. YET FRANCE, FRANCE SHALL AWAKE!

Many words are but trifling—much talk is in vain;
Orleans *must* be made or unmade as a king,
Though infamy's unbroken Muscovite chain
Be linked with brave Poland's. It is truth that I sing.

Her Patriots lie bleeding, forsaken around thee:
Thou know'st, with acuteness, her wounds are so foul
That the image of Poland doth trouble and haunt thee,
And lay an embargo upon thy proud soul.

Thou *hearest* her chains from morn until midnight:
Her groans from the depths of her madd'ning despair,
And yet, Monarch Patriot, thou hast kept from God's daylight
"The why and the wherefore:"—are *they* light as air?

Not so, *gracious* Philippe, thou generous master!
They are written in letters of adamant, now—
And are sure to emblazon and warrant disaster—
For the finger of heaven is fixed on thy brow!

If once more thou would'st be the King thy ambition
Would have thee to be, for thy family's sake:
Why trust me, the flames of a Gallic perdition
Will dry up thy life's blood AT TYRANNY'S STAKE.

CHARLES AND HIS SUBJECTS.

THE causes which led to the memorable "revolution" of 1648, the *calamities* which marked its untoward progress, the almost uninterrupted success of the "PEOPLE" and their parliamentary and international advocates, during the unhappy contest between Charles and his subjects, together with the singular and melancholy issue of the struggle, are so well known as to render unnecessary any more than a mere reference, to that frightful period of history.

From the concurrent testimony of the ablest authorities, it is clearly established that the English government was founded on principles of "liberty," even in the earliest times of the Saxons; and that William the Conqueror made no ostensible innovation in their *practical* administration is evident from the recorded observation of Lord Chief Justice Coke, who says:—"The grounds of our common laws at this day are beyond the memory or register of any beginning, and *the same* which the Norman conqueror then found within this realm of England; and those laws he swore to observe, which are good and ancient."

England, it must be allowed, was ever distinguished from the states of the continent by various statutes, still existing on the rolls of Parliament, and manifesting the attachment of the English to the *lex terræ*, in the collection of the best of the Murcian, West-Saxon, Danish, and King Edgar's laws, made by Edward the Confessor.

If any particular period, therefore, could be selected by me in just preference, to place in juxtaposition, as fostering the "righteous growth" of the Commons in the state,—it was during the stormy and turbulent reign of Henry III., when the inordinate *ambition* of Leicester enabled him, with the popular assistance of the COUNTRY, to seize on the supreme power, of which also he most probably would have retained the possession, had he not met with a powerful antagonist in Prince Edward. Notwithstanding the aspect of the *Times*—amid all these struggles, the cause of "popular freedom" was strengthened, as appears, from among numerous proofs—especially in two instances, in the reign of Richard II. The first occurred in the sixth of this monarch's reign, when a certain obnoxious statute, having passed without the assent of the Commons, was, on their (the people's) petition to the crown, agreed to be repealed. The second fact arises in the 21st of the same reign, when Richard, having accomplished the downfall of the Duke of Gloucester and his party, was not content with the signature of the chief prelates and nobles to the various instruments passed, but absolutely called on the "faithful commons and people" at large, then present, to assent to the same, by holding up of hands.

It may, in this place, with some advantage to the people of England, be observed, that the wars of York and Lancaster, by breaking the power of the great barons (not the borough-mongering and

tyrant-loving lords of our own intelligent day) had the double effect of strengthening the crown by their suppression, and leading to the formation of burghs and free associations among the lower people, whose vocation of private war was now in a great measure destroyed, and who were, therefore, driven back on the pursuits of industry and the independent assertion of their rights, by this revolution in the state of society. The COMMONS, consequently, grew into consideration, precisely as the barons declined, and succeeded naturally to the benefit of those limitations on the royal power, which the latter had established chiefly with a view to themselves.

The suppression of religious houses under Henry VIII. operated substantially in the same manner; and, though the temper of that prince (whose name cannot fail to disgust every manly bosom—every feeling heart, filled by the blood of human tenderness, and responsive to heaven-born freedom), and the wealth he had thus acquired, enabled him to venture on stretches of not only unconstitutional, but profligate, wicked, and even criminal assumptions of despotic power, certainly unknown to his predecessors, there are the plainest indications both of a dominant spirit of *resistance* in the parliaments, and of an independent supremacy in the law, that mark the true character of the BRITISH GOVERNMENT, as a *limited* and not an absolute monarchy.

The intolerant reign of Mary was that of a bigoted and vindictive, if not a scandalous, faction.

That of Elizabeth, on the contrary, was marked by wise and popular measures. Elizabeth was indeed a sensible woman, and popular sovereign. She was looked upon with peculiar veneration and even indulgence, as the PROTECTRESS of the “protestant cause” in Christendom. The Pope’s influential *toe* was at this time, however, more frequently kissed than of late, or at present; but the known *political* advocates of popery were more manly—if not Christian-like—and more *open* in their advocacy of that unhappy system of non-educational darkness and superstitious terrorism; that appalling ignorance, which his abandoned brothel Highness POPE JOAN *impressed* upon the muckworms, whose *slime* irradiates the territorial hell which feeds the exchequer of the pontifical circus of Rome, and pays the obedient *scarlet-ones* so handsomely for their *confessional* as well as *professional* performances. (When will this baleful mockery be overpassed? When will the nations of the earth be brought to the footstool of the God of the Bible and of nature, to pay entire homage—to worship with holy worship,—the everlasting and infinite God—the revealed Almighty?)

Let me proceed, however. It was in the reign of this stupid and blind—*blind* to his own happiness and the security of the crown, by means of the support and concord of his fain-would-be-faithful subjects, combined with, and arising out of, the pedantic and irrelevant nature of his education, favourite studies, and peculiar writings (for James was a political writer), that the first solemn and precise claim of absolute authority was made in behalf of an English monarch, and a naked and elaborate exposition attempted of the duty of passive obedience on the part of his people. That these

insulting doctrines should have called forth "a war of words," a controversy long to be remembered, and led the way to the fierce and angry assertion of opposite opinions, was but in the nature of things: and if violent or inconsistent notions were persisted in, in the ominous course of a "battle" that could not be expected to be impartial and temperate, the *onus* should certainly rest on those who first threw down the gauntlet and courted this appeal to theory and first principles, which is often as hazardous in politics as it is beneficial in abstract sciences. The truth is, in fact, that, to a certain extent, this had become unavoidable; not only because the age had become more "speculative and intelligent," but because the increasing numbers and wealth in the body of the nation, namely, the MIDDLE CLASSES, together with the decay of the Tory nobility—the toe-kissers of the Pope, and secret enemies of the church militant on earth—the place hunters—the eaters up of the national resources, by *illegitimate* pensions, for animal and other compliances—the adulterers—the fornicators—the gaming-house dog-stars—the Tory dictators—and the dilapidation of the royal demesnes, had materially deranged the old balance of the constitution, and produced a "CRISIS" which could not possibly be managed without a thorough examination of those *reasons* upon which the pretensions of the conflicting parties were virtually rested. But though the grand final struggle and provoked combat itself was perhaps unavoidable, it is impossible to forget that the deplorable effects by which it was unhappily characterized and *stained*—for the most part originated with that "shameless party" by whom it had been begun—by the most insulting, the most inglorious provocations.

The commencement of the contest between the unfortunate Charles and the representatives of the nation was when the monarch dissolved his parliament, for refusing to grant a "supply" till they obtained a redress of grievances; and that war, which produced so much of human blood—boiling British blood, weltering in our streets—the cruel imprisonments, pilloryings—brandings and cuttings of ears—by which the authors of "offensive disquisitions" were punished at this period of contention, not (we are constrained to remark) only began with the government, but were never practised to anything like the same extent; even after their exasperated adversaries had succeeded to the possession of power, may be said to have been positively proclaimed, when he announced, on calling his second, that if they were not more liberal than their predecessors, he would have recourse to *other* counsels, raise a revenue by his *own* authority, and govern for the future in the total absence of their individual or collateral assistance! These injudicious, if not outrageous, threats were, with undiminished irony, afterwards carried into execution! Members were ordered into arrest for their speeches in parliament—the parliament itself was again dissolved—money extorted by forced loans, monopolies, and ship-money—and finally, to un-crown the whole of this melancholy procedure, commissions were issued to fine and imprison all persons who opposed these violent and unconstitutional exactions!

The history of Charles, indeed, presents, from beginning to end,

"scenes" of the most "prophetic" (if I may so speak) and ill-timed character: prophetic, in so far as there have been already too many sad and terrible "similitudes" in our day of the like description. God is great! Heaven only knows what we were born to endure! Patriot hearts, and true, know it to be their most bounden duty to hope the best. To hope the best is not only pious, but brave and wise.

"O England! model to thy inward greatness;
Like little body with a mighty heart!
What might'st thou do—that honour would'st thou do—
Were ALL thy children kind and natural!"

To conclude, however: the most singularly remarkable passage contained in the whole of it, may be said to be his attempt to seize the five arraigned members by his personal (of course unexpected) appearance in the Commons House of Parliament, which immediately succeeded his search for them within the walls of the city, and his after retreat, first to Hampton Court, and then to York. It appears from the best contemporary writers, who appear to have taken great pains in developing these facts, that this misguided and deluded king had slyly contrived, before this last-recounted personal act, not only got together an irregular military guard of *disgraced* and discharged officers, and other time-serving miscreants, the very scum and froth of the oligarchical bastardy—for there were not only royal but peers' bastards in those days—but had prevailed on the students in the inns of court to enrol themselves as an additional guard; thus, the day before his visit he had ordered them to hold themselves in readiness at fifteen minutes' notice; that on the same morning, two hundred stand of arms, with powder and a quantity of ball-cartridges, had been sent from the Tower to Whitehall; and that Charles proceeded to the House with a tumultuous charlatan escort of about seven hundred armed men (mere mountebanks—a species of braves) many of them having pistols and other fire-arms, who would not allow the doors of the "House" to be closed after his entry, and used many threatening and insolent expressions during the whole of this scene, characterized by no less of monarchical than tyrannical mockery of the most unkingly complexion, as in the best it was demonstrated. It is likewise mentioned by no less an authority than Clarendon, that after the "proscribed members" had taken refuge on the city side of Temple Bar, "it was proposed by Lord Digby to go after them with a *select* company of gentlemen, headed by one Lunsford, and to seize and bring them to the king (a very pretty specimen of a king, or father of his people, truly) *dead or alive!* and without doubt (adds the noble historian) he would have complied with the diabolical demand of the Tory-kingsman Digby, which must have had a wonderful effect." What a most contemptible figure this monarch cuts in the blood-red pages of the history of Britain! and what an afflicting example of the profligate and wicked abuse of power is recorded, with so much truth and justice, by the impartial spirit of History, for our guidance, detestation, and, by the blessing of Providence, salvation! Respond

who may, there is the essence of everlasting truth in the proposition. Answer who will, the words of the spirit of History will outlive both monarchical despotism and oligarchical oppression. Albeit, it is *not now*, as then, in the power of the PRIMOGENITURES, who recklessly pretended to rally round and impiously sought to worship the great animal who was made to bask under the meridian rays of the then fading sun of England's glory : we repeat, twenty years (not to say two centuries) have wrought strange alterations. The PRIMOGENITURES are held and looked upon, by the enlightened people of England, as so many incorrigible wasps ;—and the animal in the *light* of a marvellous creature—not intellectual—curiosity, possessing characteristics of no mean origin ; and in the possession of the faculty of *speech*, without prejudice to helpless inaction or prefigurative insanity. Heaven itself will, we religiously hope, assist the Britons—if the Britons will not help themselves ! They know full well that it is high time to cast off the works of political darkness—parliamentary oppression—and elective slavery, to put on the entire and complete armour of polished freedom, unprejudiced truth, and constitutional liberty ! They know how to be *obedient* to good works and just laws ; and how to reject and despise whatever approaches to ungodly misrule, ministerial peculation, and administrative baseness and folly. Heaven only be praised ! The long-collected clouds of our ill-starred political hemisphere are passing,—nay, have been driven far off ; they now hang over the North, and still shadow forth the embryo tyrannies—the “ ten thousand vile oppressions ” of the monster of Muscovy ; and we begin to see the resplendent radii of that magnificent sun, whose “ torrent flood ” rolls onward ! Onward rolls that mighty stream—compared to which, the deep and unfathomable Nile is but as the shadow of a shade ; the ungodly and fœtid Tiber, but as the lingering outline of the mental territorial sea, which shall out-pour upon public and private tyranny its annihilating and irresistible elements of final destruction.

To conclude. However we may condemn the majority of the measures pursued by the parliament to, and ulterior to this calamitous civil war, this unjust and indefensible crusade against the rights and liberties of the people ; however sincerely, as a matter of humanity, we may lament the murder of the monarch, and feel inclined to venerate the sovereign authority thus trampled upon, we scarcely desire, at the same time, to withhold our deploration of those arbitrary and pernicious measures which precipitated the catastrophe, with all the madness of civic discord, the terrible malpractices of tyrants, and their jesuitical and manacled superior and inferior slaves. Nor can we, in sober equity, refrain from making due allowance for men born to freedom, and the social and constitutional enjoyments of civil and religious liberty ; the same, too, having been endowed by a just and merciful Creator with that quick and *spiritive* apprehension of their interests, inherent in Englishmen, attached to their rights, and resentful of injury. We are prepared to encounter every peril, and manfully, with lion hearts and unpoluted hands, yield to every sacrifice for the preservation of their liberties, and protection of their substance—in fine their PROPERTY.

In this forlorn condition of the country, it was reserved for that cold-hearted speculative genius, Cromwell—to pursue and obtain an elevation alike formidable and dreaded abroad, as it was effective and energetic at home. Whatever opinion may be entertained upon the *means* by which Cromwell made his way to the fearful height of supreme power, the praise of an equitable administration of the laws, and a bold and fearless exercise of the functions of the first magistrate of a free people, have always constituted the characteristic of his short rule as an epoch of English ascendancy: a conclusion which may be justly said to arise, not less from the firmness and vigour (Cromwell was a *soldier* be it recollected) of the public acts of his government, than from deplorable contrasts supplied by the profligate habits of Charles II. in the last years of his reign.

The unsubstantial — unsubstantial, because wicked and unjust—fabric reared by Cromwell soon fell into shivers after the *death* of its chief. His son, although destitute of the talents needed on such emergencies, had magnanimity enough to vacate a post for which he felt his utter incapacity, and taking from choice—of his own free will, the path of retirement and seclusion from the world, he supplied no proper materials for history:—he seems, in short, to have been supremely happy to have learned the truth of real contentment and peace, which his progenitor, who had been accounted “great,” but ultimately the opposite of great—little.

After this unprecedented and solemn mockery of a change from a bad to a good government—of which the gallant and patient Britons, who had been, as it were, expatriated from their rights and liberties—the nation, roused like the “lion” when he sees, only in the distance, food with which to satisfy his calamitous and frightful appetite—simultaneously welcomed back old institutions and the regal sceptre under the “sacred shadow” of which Great Britain, through every storm of faction and of public wars, has grown up, like a giant, after having given birth to dignity and power. The MONARCHY crowns the long line of British ancestral administrations, which, bit by bit, has framed the body politic, by an almost perfect, if not beautiful, process. The greatest among many extraordinary men, who have contributed to this national and constitutional blessing—I need not say—is the patriotic, the humane, the exalted, but enduring, Lord Melbourne—His Majesty’s Prime Minister. I shall not, in this place, endeavour to say what I think of this truly great but unambitious Minister—as he now is—surrounded by a halo of national veneration which renders eulogium superfluous, and examination a work of supererogation.

FROM SCHILLER.

Deep in the earth the golden seed is laid,
And spring shall yield young bud and waving blade,
In Time’s fast-closing furrow what shall bloom?
Burst the dull Earth, and spring from thy forgotten tomb?

AUCEPS.

SI ME AMAS, BASIA ME.

"A STATUE of Apollo has been discovered near Rheims, on one side of which are engraved the words "*Si me amas, basia me.*" There is a MS. song in Latin still in existence, the burden of which is, word for word, the same as the above. The Latinity is that of the lower Empire, and seems to have been the production of some lover, who, quitting the "*fumum et opes strepitumæ Romæ*," was about to pass the remainder of his life amid the seclusion and solitude of some distant province. Indeed, I am not sure but that the poem and statue may have reference to each other; the following is a translation of it.

Sing no more! hush e'en the lute!*
 Bid the very breeze be mute!
 For the spell of Beauty's bow'r
 Is the silent, sunset hour;
 Or, if feeling's fount must flow,
 Forth in whispers, faint and low;
 Let the murmur'd music be,
 "Si me amas, basia me."

Proud halls for the wealthy are—
 Sweet heart,† did I court thee there?
 Seldom, where wealth loves to roam,
 Doth affection find a home!
 But where pride of wealth was none,
 There thy love I woo'd and won;
 There first sigh'd, on bended knee,
 "Si me amas, basia me."

Come, then, to my rural cot,
 Rome and all Rome's pomp forgot,
 Heroes, of her prouder days—
 Minstrels, crown'd with fadeless bays—
 What are they to hearts like ours,
 Feeding still on love and flow'rs,
 Sunny flow'rs, love pure, though free—
 "Si me amas, basia me."

Love, the offspring of desire,
 Dies like Hope's unfading fire;
 But the love of love that's born,
 Time and tide may laugh to scorn:—
 For though, like the summer day,
 Youth's fond charms must pass away,
 Still Youth's token e'er shall be,—
 "Si me amas, basia me."

July 22nd.

H. B.

* Chelys, in MS.

† Deliciæ meæ, in MS.

"THE COLTON PAPERS."

1235 No. 3.—THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

It was not therefore to be wondered at that mutual defiances and recrimination had now begun to break out amongst themselves. Already many of their comrades had seceded, and had refused longer to oppose the cause of the people, others amongst them held on their obedience, as it were, by a thread. Harassed by such reflections, their arms dropping from their tired hands, with the bare stones for a couch, divided between the fear of attack from without, and of treachery from within, the troops betook themselves to such repose as fatigue can sometimes find, even amid the torments of anxiety.

I am now about to relate the momentous events of Thursday, July 29. This will be a day famous in history—a day pregnant with heroic achievements, that broke in sunder the chains of thirty millions of people ; a day so thronged with examples of every kind of magnanimity, that the courage and the enterprise which distinguished it, though of the highest order, were almost eclipsed by the superior radiance of virtues never before associated with such convulsions.

Long ere the approach of dawn on this glorious day, the tocsin of St. Germain l'Auxerrois rang out its appeal to the citizens, and was shortly afterwards followed by many of the other churches in this extensive city. By what may be termed a retributory coincidence, the above mentioned bell, which had formerly given the signal for the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, now called the sons of freedom, and religious liberty, to put a final stroke to their glorious work, and, by carrying the war into the very palaces of that race, who had so long oppressed them, to burst the shackles of France for ever, and place her by the side of England, as a free and constitutional state. Drums were now heard in every quarter, and shouts of *Aux Armes ! Aux Armes !* rent the air. The spirit-stirring words, *Liberté ou Mort*, was the battle cry of those who fought for their dearest rights, and, at this inspiring sound, many a gallant heart tore himself from the endearments of home, either to return free, or return no more. The well-disciplined instruments of tyranny also stood to arms, as the shouts increased, but with what different feelings were they again to be engaged in a conflict, of the desperation of which the two preceding days had given them an earnest ; a combat, where no glory could be gained, and where defeat was a double disgrace ! Bitter was the feeling, it cannot be doubted, with which they saw the approach of daylight. A French soldier could not think of retreat, and victory over their brethren would add nothing to their well-earned fame. The alternative was dreadful, but military disci-

pline, and a mistaken sense of duty, determined the wavering, and, with the painful feelings that these conflicting sentiments must inspire, they awaited the onset. Here we must remind our readers that, after the people had retired on the close of Wednesday, a large body of the Royal Guard were stationed for the night in front of the Louvre, but about three o'clock were removed, and the defence of this part of the palace confided to the Swiss troops, three of whom were placed behind each of the double columns between the windows of the first floor, and in other parts, from whence they could fire in security. At half past three in the morning, the tocsins began to sound in various quarters, and the cries of *Aux Armes!* were plainly heard as the populace began to assemble. The noise of breaking up the pavements in the various streets contiguous to the Palace now plainly indicated that the attack was about to be renewed; and at half past four, at the extremity of the rue des Poulies, a narrow short street leading from the rue St. Honoré, the populace commenced removing from their places the paving stones, in order to form a barrier on the left of the colonnade. Upon this point a murderous fire was commenced by the Swiss troops, which was kept up without a moment's intermission during the whole progress of its completion. A few shots were fired from a window of the house next the spot where the barrier was erecting, which, without doing much mischief, divided the attention of the Swiss; but many of the populace fell.—It was now evident, however, that no losses, severe as they might be, could intimidate the dauntless spirit of the assailants. The groans of the wounded and dying were mingled with shouts of anticipated victory; and the deepening roar of the increasing multitudes, each instant arriving at the scene of combat, from all parts of the city, seemed to carry dismay into the ranks of the royal troops. One of the populace, a man of almost gigantic stature, on receiving his death-wound shouted, with a voice of thunder, "*Vive la nation,*" and instantly fell a corpse upon the barrier he had been assisting to erect. The death of this man, who had been among the most active and intrepid of the brave during the struggle, drew forth loud shouts of vengeance from his companions, and seemed to make a momentary impression on the troops. The barrier was completed about eleven o'clock, and a smart fire kept up from it. It was from this that two of the assailants first sprang forward and gained the iron railings, enclosing the front of the Louvre, where there is a dwarf wall (about two feet and a half high) under which they lay down, and continued to fire upon the troops. Their example was soon after followed by two of the National Guards, one of whom carried a large tri-coloured flag, with which he contrived to crawl to a water-butt standing close to the railing, and from behind it managed to place the flag with his gun and bayonet on the railing of the Louvre. This act of daring, performed in the midst of a shower of bullets, was hailed with reiterated cries of *Vive la Charte!*

Great indeed was the courage of those who, without the means of a siege, boldly determined upon its capture. Garrisoned by a numerous body of Swiss, posted at every window and outlet where they could aim with security, their deadly precision was soon apparent in

the numbers of the assailants who fell. The approaches to this massive building were not made by trenches and parallels; they had no artillery to breach its walls, no petards to force its gates: determination, courage, and impetuosity were substituted for batteries, and a recklessness of life, a sublime contempt of danger, supplied the place of those murderous inventions. We must now turn to the attack made from the *place* of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, nearly opposite to the centre of the eastern front of the palace. The attack from this point was ordered by General Gérard. Every precaution had been taken, the preceding evening, by the Duke of Ragusa, for the defence of the palace, which, from its strength, might almost be termed the citadel of Paris. The connection of the building with the Tuileries rendered it of such importance, that, if taken, the troops had no place of retreat left, but must evacuate the metropolis. Two regiments of the Swiss formed its garrison, detachments of whom were placed in the court, in the Garden of the Infanta, and the neighbouring gardens; they were amply provided with field-pieces, and ammunition of various kinds, for the contest.

At an early hour the citizens advanced at a quick step, General Gérard himself taking the command, with several other officers, and some of the brave youths of the Polytechnic School, and, having sustained some murderous discharges from the garrison, established themselves in all the different houses of the *place* of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and in every position within view and gunshot of the object of attack. The church afforded a commanding situation for the besiegers, from whence they fired at every aperture, and at every point, where a ball was likely to take effect. To a citizen named Rouvat, the people were indebted for the first idea of the occupation of the towers, and the galleries of the church, from whence their fire did tremendous execution upon the Swiss. The first tricoloured flag which floated over its ancient towers, built by the English during the regency of the Duke of Bedford, was hoisted by an old trumpeter of the chasseurs of the Royal Guard. In accomplishing it he was slightly wounded in the hand. For some hours, the fire was kept up with vigour and effect on both sides, but soon after eleven that of the besieged began to slacken. At that period, M. Lançon, formerly a captain in the army, arrived at the head of fifty men, and having killed several Swiss with his own hand, assisted in the storming of the palace. Three columns now attacked it nearly simultaneously, one by the Pont des Arts, another by the Quai de l'Ecole, and a third by the colonnade, from the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and Rue des Poulies, already mentioned. The assailants rushed forward, notwithstanding the terrific fire to which they were exposed, to the gate, and after a brisk discharge, the last heard in this part of the building, entered in triumph at precisely a quarter to twelve, amid loud shouts of *Vive la Charte!* The first column that advanced consisted of about two hundred; they were of course speedily followed by thousands; the contest, however, was not yet ended, for the troops still retained possession of the gate opposite the Rue du Coq and other parts of the edifice, which they defended until their retreat towards the Tuileries.

The gate facing the Pont des Arts having yielded to the attack of the citizens, nearly at the same time as that of the colonnade, an assault was now made upon that which fronts the Place du Carrousel, which was still defended. This attack was headed by a young man of the Polytechnic School, named Baduel, who was slightly wounded during the combat. Here a brave fellow in a blue frock, and a pistol in his hand, went boldly up to the iron gate, and the pistol which he levelled at the sentinel having missed fire, he cocked it again, and threatened to fire if the gate was not instantly opened. Seeing the citizens pouring in through the other entrances, the sentinel obeyed this audacious command, and joined the small remainder of his countrymen, who were slowly retiring upon the Tuileries.

It is a circumstance never sufficiently to be admired, that after attending to the wounded, not only of their own party but those of their opponents, and transporting them into the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois to receive surgical aid, the thoughts of the citizens in their then state of excitation should be turned towards the preservation of the monuments of the arts. This national trait must not be overlooked; it is one that, we may boldly say, elevates the character of the Parisian populace to so proud an eminence, that in this metropolis alone could it have taken place. By common consent, those parts of the Louvre which are devoted to works of art, its many halls filled with the choicest specimens of ancient sculpture, its noble gallery, famed throughout the world for its unrivalled collection of paintings, were purposely spared by the irritated populace! A universal feeling of respect for these relics of genius imbued the mind of the lowest classes; every one identified himself with the national treasures, and no popular tumult could have induced any one of the combatants to violate that splendid repository. M. Prosper Lafait, a young painter, after having contributed to the capture, devoted all his energies to the safety of these valuable productions. He penetrated into the interior of the Museum, and did not quit it the whole day. His utmost efforts, however, to preserve the picture of the coronation of Charles the Tenth, by Gerard, were unavailing; it was literally drilled with balls. A portrait of the same monarch by Sir Thomas Lawrence, experienced a similar fate. These were the only losses sustained by the Museum on this day of miracles. The arts certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the young artist who, with his companions, devoted themselves to this necessary but unassuming duty. I lament to add, that one of these having gone to a window of the grand gallery, was struck by a ball fired from the court. I know not the name of this victim of accident; but he shortly after yielded up his life as a sacrifice to his country.

All nations and all religions seemed to have had their representatives at this great work of regeneration, who either witnessed or assisted in the struggle to recover the outraged liberties of that hospitable country in which they had either a temporary or a permanent sojourn. An individual of the Hebrew nation, animated with the ancient courage of his race, at the first report of the cannon left his home, without arms, to join the people. His name is Levy Abraham.

He soon made himself master of the arms of a Lancer, and was the fifth man who entered the Louvre. After having fought a long time, he brought away, as a trophy, a piece of the Swiss flag. This gallant fellow, before he returned to his occupation, deposited his lance at the mairie of the seventh arrondissement. He was pressed to accept a remuneration, which he refused, saying, "He did not fight for money." He at last reluctantly accepted ten francs for his immediate necessities, but only on the condition that he should be allowed to repay it, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of that eventful day, when his circumstances permitted it.

Among the remarkable traits of youthful heroism displayed on this glorious occasion, we may here name the following:—A lad of sixteen, armed with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and a brace of pistols, was the first to open the gate of the Louvre to the people; this brave youth, who had received fifteen wounds, was taken into the temporary hospital formed in the body of the church. Another lad of the same age, brought up in the Orphan Hospital, named Pierre Charles Petit-Père, climbed in the same manner as the former over another gate, notwithstanding the fire of the troops. He was so fortunate as to escape unhurt in this exploit. The Louvre being taken, he repaired to the Rue de Grenelle St. Honoré, where the battle raged in all its fury; he was there struck by a ball, that passing through his left hand, shattered his right arm, which was afterwards amputated. This young hero fell, shouting, *Vive la Charte! Vive la France!*

Within two hours of the assault, four *Charettes*, filled with dead, were seen leaving the Louvre, and many bodies were left on the grass plot, where they were afterwards interred. About sixty wounded were also removed from the Palace by their comrades to the Hotel Dieu, and it was truly gratifying to witness the kind and gentle care with which these brave fellows treated their mutilated and suffering companions. To the undaunted courage and gallantry of the victors, it is impossible to do justice without an appearance of exaggeration. Let it suffice to say, that the conduct of the people of Paris on the spot, on the 29th of July, was never surpassed in the brightest annals of her wars.

I now proceed to a description of the last triumphant effort of the people, the taking of the Chateau of the Tuileries, which, though a formidable position, scarcely, if at all, inferior in strength to the Louvre, opposed by no means the same obstinate resistance to the assailants. Flushed with conquest, and every moment increasing in numbers and regularity of movement, the columns of the citizens here advanced to the attack against an enemy still obstinately brave, but dispirited by defeat, and fearfully diminished in force. This will sufficiently account for the comparatively feeble struggle with which this last strong hold of royalty in the capital was defended.

It must be premised that, at ten o'clock in the morning, the citizens inhabiting the quarters of St. Jaques, St. Germain, the Odéon, and Gros Caillon, excited by the sound of the tocsin from almost all the churches, and by the unanimous shouts of *Vive la Charte!* came forth in arms, the mass amounting to 5000 or 6000 men. They

had to combat two regiments of the Royal Guards and Swiss, and three strong detachments of Lancers, Cuirassiers, and Foot Grenadiers, occupying the Carrousel, supported by a reserve of Artillery, planted in the Garden of the Tuileries.

The Royal Guards, thus strongly posted, permitted the first assailants to approach, and here the contest ended, almost as soon as it was begun, by the slaughter of the front rank of the citizens; but the troops were instantly afterwards driven back. Fresh columns of the besiegers were seen advancing at the *pas de charge*; and at the same moment the retreating Swiss, from the Louvre, poured like a torrent through the Triumphal Arch of the Carrousel, carrying the Duke of Ragusa, who was vainly endeavouring to rally his troops in the court of the palace, away in the tumultuous mass. The Marshal had brought forward the whole of his forces not actually engaged, in order to cover the retreat, but, thrown into confusion by the Swiss, a panic had seized the whole troops, and, keeping up a straggling fire, they passed through the palace under the Tower of the Clock, and traversed the Gardens of the Tuileries, in full retreat, to the Place Louis XV.

The defeated soldiery were so closely followed by the assailants, that the latter entered the court under the gate of the Triumphal Arch before the former had evacuated it. This entrance, which the retreating troops had not time to close against the besiegers, greatly facilitated their obtaining possession of the Chateau. Still resistance was offered with bloody obstinacy on other points, particularly the Pavilion of Flora, from which a constant firing had been kept up from seven in the morning upon the Pont Royal. Twice this wing of the Palace was taken and abandoned, but at half past one the Citizens were finally victorious, and two tri-coloured flags were planted on the central pavilion.

On taking possession of the Chateau some excesses were committed by the populace, who were irritated by the discovery of proclamations of the Government to the troops, stimulating them against the citizens, dated the preceding day. These were found in the Pavilion of Flora, in which nearly every article of furniture was destroyed, and thrown, with various precious effects, from the windows, as were some thousands of papers, pamphlets, and even books. It is remarkable, that in the library of the Duchess of Angoulême alone were found any pamphlets, or other works, calculated to give information upon the state of popular feeling, or the events passing without the walls of the royal residence. The literary treasures found in the apartments of the Dauphin were limited to a complete set of *Almanacks*! from the sixteenth century. It must not be supposed however that the royal library was deficient in valuable works; on the contrary, it contained a truly noble collection, including the works of nearly every renowned writer from Homer downwards. The devastations of the populace were not however confined to the Pavilion of Flora. All the royal apartments suffered considerably. Splendid specimens of porcelain, ornaments of the most costly description, and magnificent mirrors, were broken without mercy. A portrait of the Duke of Ragusa, in the Salle des Maréchaux, was torn into a thou-

sand pieces, and every bust or portrait of the Royal Family was instantly mutilated or destroyed. An exception indeed was made.—One of the victors had raised the but-end of his musket to demolish the bust of Louis XVIII., when he was reminded that to this monarch France was indebted for the Charter. This was sufficient to ensure its preservation; the bust was however covered with a black veil, to mark the feeling entertained of the calamities the fated sway of the Bourbons had brought upon their country.

It has been regretted that the people should have permitted themselves the excesses which occurred in the château; but truly heroic and magnanimous as they have shown themselves, the populace of Paris are but men; and surely, in the first intoxication of a dear-bought victory, some ebullition of feeling on the part of the conquerors was to be expected; and though we may regret that the amiable character of one unhappy princess, who is destined to suffer so severely for the folly and wickedness of others, could not preserve her apartments and property from the profanation of the multitude, it is to their immortal honour that the triumph of this glorious day was unsullied by a single act of rapacity. Plate, and all other articles of apparent value, were deposited by the conquerors at the Hotel de Ville, with a scrupulous integrity scarcely equalled in the history of mankind.

The toils of the day however demanded refreshment. The stores of the larder and the wine-cellars consequently suffered considerably; the most delicious viands, and the choicest wines and liqueurs of every description, were partaken of by the victors, and by crowds who had followed them into the palace, but who had had no share in the dangers of its capture. The scene in the magnificent saloons on this occasion was curious and grotesque beyond description; hundreds of half-armed men, in tattered garments, covered with blood and dust, seated on the richly-embroidered chairs of royalty and state, relating to each other the heroic feats they had witnessed, or the dangers they had escaped, formed a picture to which no pencil could render justice. We should state, that whatever arms were found were eagerly seized: one trophy carried off by the victors was a very richly ornamented sword of state, belonging to the Dauphin,—which has, however, been since restored.

After the capture of the château of the Tuileries, the whole of Paris, at three o'clock on the afternoon, might be said to be in the occupation of the people. Three regiments, as we have already stated, had refused to fire on their countrymen. The National Guards had possession of the Hotel de Ville, and the tri-coloured flag floated upon almost every public place in the metropolis. The citizens had made themselves masters of three-fourths of the capital, and it was evident it required but little more exertion to put them in possession of the whole. Even that portion of the Royal Guard stationed in the Place Louis XV. refused any longer to continue the combat. "Let them kill us if they please," said they; "we are determined to abandon this odious task to which the last two days have condemned us." In many other quarters of Paris, the troops of the line had now begun to fraternise with the inhabitants;—they shed

tears of mutual joy, and congratulated each other on having so happily accomplished the deliverance of their country.

While these brilliant achievements were accomplishing in the vicinity of the Louvre and the château of the Tuileries,—achievements that could not be said to be finally terminated in favour of the people till about three in the afternoon,—the morning of this memorable day had been, if possible, still more eventful and glorious in various other sections of the city. In the rue St. Honoré, near the extremity of the rue Richelieu, and also in the open square of the place du Palais Royal, an early and tremendous conflict had commenced between the national troops and a detachment of the Garde Royale, composed in great measure of the Swiss. The conflict here was of the most sanguinary and murderous nature, inasmuch as every house was disputed story by story, and every position inch by inch. It was a revival of the siege of Saragosa; for the Royal Guards, no less than the people, had intrenched themselves in many of the adjacent buildings, and from this advantageous position kept up a steady and destructive fire on their opponents.

The military in this quarter, at the first appearance of dawn, had thrown themselves into several of the houses in the Place of the Palais Royal, opposite the rue de Valois, and on the other side of the square, and also in those facing, and at the end of the rue Richelieu, the latter being completely commanded by a piece of artillery placed in the rue de Rohan. Thus supported, and taking their stations at the windows of the upper apartments, they seemed to set any attempt of the citizens on this point at defiance. Their overwhelming superiority in means and in position was however totally disregarded by their gallant antagonists, and the battle fought on this spot was one of the most obstinate and bloody that occurred during the contest of these three memorable days. In the early part of the morning the position occupied by the soldiery gave them decisive advantages, which, under the exasperation of protracted conflict, they used with tremendous effect. To appear within the reach of a musket-ball was death. Still the assailants advanced; every dying citizen supplied an unarmed fellow-countryman with a weapon for the sacred cause, and the fight was continued with unabated fierceness over the bodies of the wounded and the dead. At length some of the doors of the Théâtre Français were forced open, and numbers of the populace flew to the balcony, from whence they could fire into the apartments occupied by the Swiss. Several windows and the roofs of many of the adjacent houses were also taken possession of by the people, and the deadly combat now became more than equal. At this crisis, that is to say, about noon, a proposition was made, or rather a boon solicited on the part of the royal troops, for a cessation of arms for two hours, which being looked upon as a preliminary to a final arrangement, that might put a stop to the effusion of blood, was acceded to without hesitation by the citizens, who, far from suspecting treachery at such a moment, at once turned to the melancholy task of removing their wounded associates, and placing them under surgical care. Hundreds of the populace unsuspectingly entered the Place of the Palais Royal, and were already congratulating each

other upon the termination of the bloody conflict, when, to the eternal shame of the royal troops be it recorded, the attack was suddenly renewed by them from the windows, upon the amazed and unprepared masses beneath. This base act of treachery, more characteristic of the assassin than the soldier, is only to be accounted for upon the supposition that the officers, ignorant of the victories obtained by the citizens during the morning, still expected the support of the troops in the Louvre and Tuileries, and that they looked upon their pretended compact, which enabled them to take their antagonists at disadvantage, as a mere *ruse de guerre*, perfectly justifiable towards the people, or, as they called them, the *canaille* of Paris. Dearly however did they pay for their perfidy; the combat from this moment assumed the character of vindictive animosity unknown at any other period of the three days' contest. The unlooked-for treachery of the enemy had aroused feelings of hatred and fury which blood alone could allay, and accordingly, the war now carried on seemed one of extermination. Both parties exposed themselves unshrinkingly to destruction; danger and death were held at nought, while vengeance might be purchased by the sacrifice of existence. The carnage on both sides was frightful. The streets communicating with that portion of the rue St. Honoré that stretches from the church of St. Roch to the corner of the rue de Valois were filled with the dead and the dying; and the rue de Richelieu might literally be said to flow with blood. The walls and the windows were so chequered with bullets, that it must be a matter of surprise how any of the combatants could have escaped. Those of the people who had no muskets were seen snatching them from their disabled or dying comrades, and cheering their last moments with a shout of exultation whenever the fall of a soldier announced that their deadly aim had taken effect. That detachment of the soldiery here engaged had not tasted of food for thirty hours; but even the feeling of hunger was suspended by the more awful anticipation of death.—The desperate determination with which the Swiss fought may be inferred from the following circumstance. In the rue St. Honoré, near the corner of the place du Palais Royal, they had been reduced to about sixty or seventy men, and they maintained the conflict in three lines of single files; the whole of the street in front of them, and many of the contiguous houses, being occupied by the people. In this emergency, the foremost Swiss soldier would fire, or attempt to fire, and would fall, pierced with balls, before he could wheel to gain the rear; the same fate awaited the next, and so on until all had been sacrificed. Several of the houses occupied by the troops were now broken open, and the combatants fought hand to hand on each flight of stairs and in every room. The Swiss defended themselves with appalling bravery: all those who refused to yield fell after a prolonged resistance, and several were killed by being thrown from the windows by the enraged populace. The desperation with which the Swiss maintained the conflict arose from a strong apprehension (warranted, alas! by the example of the 10th of August) that, in case of defeat, all of them would be massacred. But in this instance they had mistaken the magnanimity of the foe

with whom they were contending—notwithstanding the treachery they had experienced, the victors spared the lives of ALL who surrendered!

After a dreadful slaughter, the whole of this quarter of Paris was in the possession of the people, who availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by their dear-bought victory to render it still more illustrious by acts of mercy and forgiveness.

About half past three, the defending party finding itself reduced (officers and men) to forty, surrendered as prisoners, and were escorted through the enraged population to the Bourse. This was the termination of the memorable battle of Thursday. A desultory contest was kept up with the retreating soldiery, as they passed through the Champs Elysées on the way to the Bois de Boulogne; but, at four o'clock, not a soldier in arms remained in the streets of the city.

During the sanguinary struggle, which, I fear, I have but indifferently described as ending in the capture of the royal palaces on the northern bank of the Seine, deeds of daring by no means inferior, were effected by the patriots on the other side, who had valiantly endeavoured to cross the bridges on the preceding evening, to the assistance of their brethren in arms; but such was the strength of the common enemy in cavalry, and the artillery upon the bridges and quays (which latter afforded an ample space for the charges and manœuvres of cavalry), that the passage of the river in the western part of the city, in presence of a force thus superior and imposing, would have been a useless waste of life, and even seemed to be impossible. In the eastern division of the city, both opposite and below the Hôtel de Ville, this passage was effected frequently during the day by the citizens of the Faubourg St. Germain, aided by the numerous class of industrious artisans of the Faubourg St. Marceau, who, armed with pikes or the first tool they could grasp, gallantly fought hand to hand with their oppressors. The desperate nature of this service may be well understood by the name which the Suspension-bridge has gained, and will preserve to posterity, of "Pont d'Arcole." Courage without conduct is too often wasted in vain; but in this case the people were admirably led on by M. Joffrés, before mentioned, assisted by M. Lenoir of the Polytechnic School, who commanded one division, while M. Joffrés led the other to the attack on the barracks of the Swiss Guard in the rue de Babylone. This position was formidable, being surrounded with a high wall, and having gates of prodigious strength; and the unhappy men who garrisoned it, in common with their countrymen at other points, entertained the idea that no quarter would be given. Under this supposition they determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and fought with the appalling courage of despair. The assailants had but one piece of cannon, with which they left the Place de l'Odéon for the attack. After an incessant fire of nearly an hour, exposed to the deadly aim of the soldiers, for whom every window formed a loop-hole, their cartridges began to grow scarce. Their brave leaders, fertile in expedients, called for straw to set fire to the building. Immediately

women were seen running in all directions, and speedily returning, each bearing her straw mattress upon her head. The fire was first applied in the rue Plumet, and the dense smoke arising, forced the defenders from the windows, from which their fire had been murderous. M. Joffrés then ordered the discharge of his piece of artillery, for which he had only one cartridge. On the sound of this explosion, and the fire increasing, the besieged saved themselves by climbing the walls of a garden which led to the Boulevards. This obstinate combat was one of the most fierce of this day of heroism; many citizens were wounded, and upwards of forty left dead on the field of battle. A brave young man, a pupil of the Polytechnic School, named Vanneau, was killed while commanding the attack. The national troops rallied in excellent order in the rue de Sèvres, and returned victorious to the Place de l'Odéon. While there, an interesting circumstance added new nerve to every manly heart. A well-dressed youth, who had been observed foremost in every attack on the barracks, fainted from fatigue; crowds offered their assistance; on tearing open the waistcoat, it was discovered that it was a woman who had thus exposed her life with reckless bravery. The gallant scholar M. Lenoir now proposed to M. Joffrés to storm the Palais du Luxembourg: this was instantly done—providentially without bloodshed, as the veterans who guarded it refused to fire upon their fellow-citizens. The national flag now floated over the Chamber of Peers, sentinels were established in the gallery of pictures, and not an article was pillaged. The two divisions, headed by their commanders mounted on horseback, having accomplished their labours on their side of the city, now marched upon the Louvre, and formed in the court. Cries were heard that the Tuileries were being pillaged; they immediately marched, in company with a detachment commanded by Captain Bachville, to protect the château; but the high sentiments of honour in the people who were in possession rendered this precaution unnecessary. After leaving a guard of a hundred and fifty men at the Tuileries, they presented themselves at the Bourse;—and this little army then marched to the Hôtel de Ville, where the leaders were warmly embraced by the excellent Lafayette, who in the name of their country thanked them for the skill and bravery displayed on that day. Twelve hours had now passed under arms, in a day without a cloud; the sun poured down his beams with the fierceness of the dog-days, and the party was faint with hunger and exhaustion. They asked for bread; but none could be procured; it was proposed to give them money for refreshments, but no sooner was the bag of silver brought out, than with one voice they cried out, “No money!—no money!” nor would they listen to the explanation that it was not for the payment of their services, but for their immediate wants. No prayer or entreaty could induce them to accept a sous. The bag was returned to the Hôtel de Ville; and the neighbouring citizens each took several of these noble-minded men home to dinner with him. Such was the delicacy of sentiment of that class whom “courtiers” call *canaille*!—such was their horror at being mistaken for *MERCENARIES*!

■

TO LILLAH.

*Written near Mitford, Northumberland, May 25, 1835, after gathering the
"Paris Quadrifolia," and the "Forget Me Not."*

ALL nature is smiling, refresh'd by the shower
That softly and gently has fallen from Heav'n ;
The clouds are dispersing, nor gloomily lower
On the gifts and the riches their bounty has giv'n—
While I gather these flow'rets for Lillah.

The Sun, peeping out, is now sinking to rest,
The freshly-form'd foliage is scarce seen to move,
Though kiss'd by the Zephyr that floats from the West,
As balmy and soft as the breath of my Love
While I gather these flow'rets for Lillah.

Its richness of fragrance the May-thorn is spreading,
The golden-capp'd Furze gives its scent to the air ;
All nature its incense in homage is shedding
On this soul-stilling scene—this soother of care—
While I gather these flow'rets for Lillah.

How calm ! and how sweet ! What a moment is this !
Can my heart to its pleasure an increase receive ?
Can aught now enhance these my feelings of bliss ?
'T would be *all* to my heart at this moment to give
These flow'rets I gather to Lillah.

Morpeth, 1835.

SOPHENE AND SOPHOCLES.

A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

from p 241

IT was with exquisite pleasure that Sophene and I saw the dawn of a union, which promised to promote ours, take place between our parents ! Deceitful hope ! in the midst of joy fortune was driving us down a dreadful precipice from which Love, with all his power, could hardly save us.

Towards the third watch of the night, our relations, and all those who had come from Anlycone, repaired to the temple of Jupiter. I did not accompany them. My ministerial character exempted me from it. As for Sophene, she had retired to her chamber, because decency did not allow young women to be seen in public during the night.

I went to mine ; but, finding that it would be impossible for me to sleep, I left it, and, groping through the dark, walked into the garden. I there drew near a bower which I preferred to those of Citherea, notwithstanding their celebrity. It was set with jessamin, honey-suckles, rose-bushes, and acacia, intermingled with lime trees. They cast forth sweet odours, which perfumed Sophene's apartment that overlooked that pleasant place of retirement. Except the night-ingale, which, with melodious accents, warbled her unthwarted loves, and solaced the lover unsuccessful in his ; all besides in nature seemed to enjoy the repairing balm of sleep. The mysterious light of the moon, working its way through the thick branches that opposed it, glimmered on her windows, by means of which I saw they were half open. I came on with slow step, and listened to a voice which at once enchanted and troubled my heart. It pronounced my name ; I whispered that of Sophene. Attired in a night-dress that showed her fine frame in all its genuine elegance, she appeared at the window. Sophocles, said she, in an ill-articulated accent, is it you ? What do you do there at this time of night ? I thought you were in bed. I make a better use, answered I, of the moment of my life henceforth consecrated to you alone. I did not dare to hope for the pleasure of seeing you ; but I was sure of amends being made me for any disappointment, by the pleasure of watching near the place of your rest. I did wish you might enjoy the soundest sleep, and that it might convey to your mind the idea of him whom you have "inspired" with the tenderest ardour that ever enflamed a human breast. I did wish that, when awaked, the soft remembrance of your dreams might render you as sensible of the passion as he is, and that, when out of bed, and looking at the new-blown rose which the first sunbeam calls forth out of its bud, you might say, Beauteous flower ! you are the temporary object of Zephyr's love ; withered as

soon as full-blown, his love flies away with your beauty ; but ours will be everlasting. I do not know, replied she, what are the dreams that Morpheus intends for me, but if they must be the representation of what pleased me during day-light, Sophene will have nothing to complain of. Sovereign of my soul, said I, you pour into it both pleasure and comfort. Would to the gods that we might be united together ! What is life for me without you ? Nothing but a troublesome burden, infinitely worse than death itself. My father cherishes me ; my happiness is near his heart. Far from finding fault with my passion, he will omit nothing to obtain your parents' acquiescence. Themisteus is well born ; he is rich ; he is not to be despised ; but if Sosthenes does not consider me a proper match for you, then (witness those charms which I worship !) never shall Sophocles burn but for Sophene. Were Jupiter to leave me the master of my destiny, and to allow me to choose among all the goddesses, I would make more account of you than of them all together. If Venus herself should offer me both her favours and immortality, I would rather die with Sophene than be immortal with the goddess.

I have opened my soul to you, said she, equally as unable to dissemble, as to resist the will of the gods, who are pleased to kindle in the heart of a simple maiden a flame which cannot but be innocent, since the object of it is the minister of Jove. I am far from repining at it ; but let us break off a discourse that we must not out of prudence and decency spin out any longer. Our parents will soon return, perhaps they are now on their way home. May they be favourable to our vows ! So saying, she wished me a good night ; I echoed it, in all the exultation of my heart.

We separated in good time. Hardly had I reached my chamber, when the company returned. I retired to bed, and never had a *calmer sleep*. Let nobody say that we find in our dreams happy or fatal presages either of the good or the evil that is to befall us ; mine were pleasant.

Sure of the heart of Sophene, a soft serenity beamed in my face ; Cratisthenes complimented me upon it ; but my joy did not last long. Sosthenes, coming up to my father before us all, said to him, " Wise Themisteus, it is not to us but to Jupiter that are to be referred the honours you have paid us. As the first cause of your kindness toward us, he will reward you for it. Let us make haste, and thank him by a new sacrifice. A business of moment calls me back to Aulycone. Though unknown to my daughter, it concerns her.

Convinced as I am of her dutifulness, I have promised her in marriage. The young man I design for her is amiable ; he has morals, birth, and sense ; he is " affectionately " attached to me. I shall have in him a son, rather than a son-in-law. He urges me to keep my word, and I am going to fulfil it. There will be nothing wanting to the young people's happiness, if you will honour their nuptials with your presence ; and you, charming Sophene, come to embellish the pomp of it.

What was my situation when I heard him pronounce these words ! A deadly chill ran through my whole frame. Whether it was noticed, or unnoticed, I cannot tell : I know that it was extreme.

Overwhelmed with that unexpected event, Sophene turned pale, and, hiding her face with her hands, feigned a violent head-ache. They carried her to her bed. Panthia, uneasy about her daughter's health, whose indisposition increased, staid with her, and was unwilling to go to the temple. While they were assembling in order to repair thither, I stole away; I was called for, but did not answer, and, despising the danger I exposed myself to, I crept into Sophene's chamber. Closely embraced, heaving sighs, and bursting into tears, our groans were long our only interpreters. What a heart-breaking, what a woeful condition! Love, thou sawest the excess of our griefs; they moved thee to take some pity on us. Thou mightest have put an end to them, but thou wert pleased to try us before hand. However dear and precious a thing may be to us, it is always more so when we are on the point of losing it. I then forcibly felt the truth of this reflection. Sophene's charms shone with redoubled lustre; I had not yet seen her so handsome, and never had I so fondly loved her. Her silence, her sorrow, her languishing and dejected looks, all contributed to the increase both of my love and my despair.

Alas, said I, you were but too right in your surmises. We are on the brink of a separation. Sophene! must I lose you? Shall another possess your heart, which is due to me alone? Shall another owe his happiness to you? Sophene! can you consent to it, and can I think of it without dying?

Fear not, said she. The day that shines upon that fatal union shall be the last of my life. Thou weepst; but what do tears avail? Is there no hope left for us? The only course we can take, replied I, my despair will point out. Woe to the authors of our misfortunes, to the rash young man who dares avow himself my rival! woe to thyself, Sosthenes! What dost thou say, Sophocles? Can thy *passion* distract thee so far, and betray thee into mixing a threat with the name of "my father?" Ought he not to be secure from the outrages of the man who demands me of him? Do not lay our miseries to his charge. Let appearances be what they will, he may be ignorant of our mutual affection, or at least how deeply Cupid has been pleased to *wound* us in so short a space. Ah! Sophene! does he not know that I have a heart and that I have seen you? I cannot make use of my reason, and perhaps it is in vain that I entreat you to call forth yours. I see nothing but the horror of our condition. My poor parents! but for me, how happy would you have been! Shall I have it one day in my power to atone for my offences? But you, O gods! who distract my mind with a "tyrannical passion" which I cannot command, at least make them amends by other blessings. Think no more, Sophocles, of those wild projects, of which the idea alone terrifies me.

Those violent struggles between her affection and her duty were too much for her to bear. Her colour fled from her cheek, her eyes closed, and she swooned away under their oppressing agitation. This scene overwhelmed me; I thought she was dead, and I resolved to die with her. Love stopped her fugitive soul; he restored her to life again.

My joy and gratitude were extreme ; but Sophene checked their impetuosity, and said to me, Let us not waste these precious moments, and, since this is our unavoidable destiny, let us part for a short time that we may meet never more to be separated.

Full of a thousand projects, the execution whereof seemed easy to me, but which were so in my fancy only, I flew to the temple. The sacrifice was begun. Already the blood of the slaughtered victims had trickled down into the vases designed to receive it. Already the sacrificer, finding in their bowels favourable omens, had urged Sosthenes to accomplish a marriage acceptable to the gods ; when, on a sudden, a huge eagle stooped down upon the entrails, which he tore to pieces, and taking them up with his talons flew away. The sacred knife slid from the hands of the priest ; he retired from the altar ; a sudden horror seized on the " minds " of all the standers by, consternation appeared on the faces even of the least timid among them. Nothing was to be heard but groans and lamentations. Each person apprehended for himself the misfortune which this prodigy foretold : it concerns but me, cried Panthia. Immortal gods ! you condemn a union upon which I had placed all my happiness. O my daughter ! O unfortunate Sophene ! they are not the entrails of the victim that the eagle has torn, but mine. Protector of innocence, O Jupiter ! thou readest our hearts. What crime are they guilty of ? Be softened by our tears, assuage thy wrath, or let it fall only upon me. Preserve the daughter at the peril of her mother, and let my death give her life again. So speaking, she tore her hair, and smote her breast, as she lay grovelling in the dust. The crowd gathered round her, raised her up and endeavoured to comfort her ; but she was deaf to all their persuasions.

Nevertheless the company resumed their tranquillity. That terrible apparition frightened them no more. It is nothing, say they, but a mere effect of chance, and an indifferent prognostic. Perhaps it is a happy one. Such is the levity natural to the populace. What was the object of their terror quickly becomes a subject of hope. Every one having left the temple, we attended Sosthenes and Panthia on their return. The former was not under a less load of affliction ; but it was more concentrated. We found Sophene weeping bitterly. A slave had apprised her of what had just happened. The despondence of her mother affected her more than the cause of it, which might perhaps apologize for the necessity of her running away to avoid the calamities that her parents and herself were threatened with, if the projected marriage took place. Amidst the almost total overthrow of our ideas, she had presence of mind enough left to ask me what I had done. I answered that I was going to settle all with Cratisthenes, and that soon. . . .

Her father, calling her, interrupted me ; I pressed her hand ; and her looks, methought, upbraided me with too much tardiness. Come on my daughter, said he, and help me to comfort thy mother ; she ran to her, and endeavoured to kiss away her tears. She entreated her not to suffer sorrow to overcome her. No, said she, the gods are

not angry with us ; they are just. If they are averse to a marriage that was agreeable to you, let us condemn it ourselves. You may light upon another they will approve of. Let us consult them again. Ready to obey their will, my happiness would be perfect, if it could determine and fix yours. Full of admiration at the wisdom of that discourse, we agreed with her ; Panthia lent us a favourable ear, and at last was prevailed upon. She suffered herself to be carried into her chamber, there to take a little rest ; but Sosthenes remained unshaken, and, let the consequences be what they would, he could not be induced to comply with any remonstrances whatsoever.

I shut myself up with Imlacca. The witness and confidant of all that had passed between Sophene and me, I might have dispensed with repeating to him an account of the transaction ; but I put him in mind of the beginning and progress of my passion, of our first fears and pleasures, our return to Eurycone, the officious forwardness of Themisteus, Dianthea's caresses, the soothing ideas that had seduced us both awhile, our secret conversations, our promises, our oaths, the ardour of my desires curbed by her opposition, Sosthenes' unexpected discourse, and obstinacy, his daughter's intended marriage, our troubles and despair, our projects of elopement : in a word, You see, continued I, two unfortunate lovers who fly to you for help. Assist us with your advice, and every other means in your power. We have more courage than experience. We shun one precipice : without your help, we shall sink into another. Dejected and terrified, I feel dismal forebodings rising in my soul ; they dispirit me ; I shall be torn from Sophene : I shall lose her. Alleviate the bitterness of the condition I am reduced to.

Sensible of my pain, Imlacca comforted and encouraged me. It is not you, but your rival that is threatened by the dire portent. He shall not possess your Sophene. The gods snatch her from his hands ; you shall one day espouse her under more auspicious omens. Time and love will make my prediction good ; but do you recollect that she is to depart from hence to-morrow. Let Themisteus manage the business, said he ; speak yourself to Sosthenes. He has given his word, replied I ; he thinks he cannot break it without bringing shame upon himself. But, proceeded he, I cannot approve of your running away ; it is imprudent and dangerous ; but, continued I, let the consequences of it be ever so dreadful, can they bear any proportion with our present situation ? Unfortunate Sophene ! more unfortunate Sophocles ! forlorn in the wide world, what will become of us ? Moved with compassion, Imlacca was unable to answer me. His discretion kept his soul in suspense ; his looks bespoke the perturbation of his mind. I embraced him, he relented ; I pressed him, he sighed ; I redoubled my entreaties, he could withstand them no longer. You prevail, said he, at last. I will render you the "imprudent service" you desire of me. May the indulgent gods forgive me ! You shall depart to-morrow with Sophene. There is in the harbour a vessel ready to set sail for Syria ; I will engage the master of it. I have a Syrian host in whose house we may depend upon inviolable security. What, answered I, with all the

emotions that his proffer excited in me, will you accompany us? Imlacca! will you? Ah gods! if it be so, we have attained the summit of your favour. Love and friendship conspire to make me the happiest of mortals.

To close Jupiter's feast, it was necessary to offer a sacrifice in the temple of Apollo on the approach of night. I would have absented myself; and made use of that moment to inform Sophene of our plan; but Dianthea bade me lead Panthia thither. In the agitation I was in, I durst not speak to her. I thought that my words would betray my secret. As long as the ceremony lasted, I was absorbed in the deepest reflections. The company imagined it was religious meditation, and yet I did not so much as feign it; I was admired and cited as a pattern in that respect. How easily are men deceived! They praised in me what the gods were offended at.

The sacrifice being over, every one went home. Night befriended me; never did I see a darker one. At the moment when sleep is so heavy upon human eyes that it becomes the true image of death, I made a desperate step into Sophene's chamber. At last, said I to her, our misfortunes will presently be over; we shall become our own masters, and have nothing to fear from the tyranny of our parents. Imlacca is about disposing every thing for our departure; you will see him soon. Instead of signifying her approbation, she sighed. The consequences of our enterprise engrossed her whole mind, she was troubled. What! was she to run away with me, and look for a retreat among the barbarians? Would not it bring everlasting shame upon her? She fancied what would be Sosthene's fury, and Panthia's despair. She upbraided herself beforehand with so guilty and so bold an elopement, and said, You who advise me to it will yourself be the first to blame me for it. I call heaven and all the powers to witness that if "virtue," without which the tenderest love is criminal, did not oppose it, my only happiness would have been to love and to be loved by you; but this severe virtue, all powerful over my heart, orders it otherwise. Let us submit; and, since it does not forbid us to die, let us die without offending the gods. I tried to conquer her scruples; but to no purpose. I put her in mind of her oaths; but she remembered them only to repine at and abhor them. In a word, my tears and my entreaties served only to render her more unrelenting. Imlacca came in. He added his endeavours to mine: she was moved, but not overcome: it was not danger that stopped her, but duty.

Night came on; the hours fled away. I was continually going to and fro from the one to the other; I supplicated, I threatened; but unsuccessfully. Let Love forgive me for it! In my despair, I was upon the point of having recourse to violence; but, afraid of her cries, and of being overheard, or rather of falling under her displeasure, I ceased my pursuit. At last, after an obstinate resistance, and when we had given up all hopes of subduing her, she was informed of Imlacca being to accompany us; Love seized the opportunity; she held her hand out to me, and we ran away unperceived. We repaired to the harbour, and got on board. Jupiter! said we, with one

voice, protect two unhappy lovers; whom the rigour of their fate, and thy oracle drive from their country! and thou, Neptune, bid the waves respect them!

We got under sail. The weather was calm, and the sea smooth. It seemed as if we were borne upon the wings of Zephyr. I was so much animated by love, in such a pleasurable transport, that, forgetting all my past grievances, I thought my happiness perfectly secured. Lying at Sophenes' feet, my head reclined upon her knees, I gave myself over to most delicious raptures, that kept sleep far off. How pleasant was that night! How many innocent favours did it allow and veil!

Two days thus passed away. How handsome all the company found Sophene! What perfect harmony of features and shape did they not remark in her! How many desires did she raise, and how many rivals had I not! There was among us a painter, who was on his way to the court of the king of Persia. In order to establish the superiority of Grecian beauty, he asked Sophenes' leave to draw her picture. Though he worked with great expedition, his performance was not the less masterly. It is Sophene! she breathes, she enchants, she fills her beholders with admiration.

Object of the vows of all Asia, she will triumph over all. What a delicious idea for a lover! I foresaw her glory, I partook of it; but, soon altering my mind, that glory pained me. I could not brook the idea of her picture falling into the hands of the barbarians. They are not worthy of it; all that is like Sophene ought to belong to Sophocles. The painter took notice of my emotion, as he had done of my love. Our fires are impatient of restraint, said he. I know all the niceties usual with lovers. I too have loved. Here is Sophenes' picture; possess it alone.

Already had the seaman descried the land, and had filled the air with shouts and acclamations. They showed us the temple of Juno, which towered over all the other buildings of the city where we were to land. It is there, said I, that, depository of our oaths, the goddess will, in a little time, unite us.

Gods of heaven! Gods of the sea! continue your favours a moment longer. Alas! you do not hearken to me!

The sky grew cloudy; the winds broke loose; a furious tempest arose; the air was inflamed; the billows roared, the masts split, the vessel opened; "horror" invaded our minds; we seemed by our despair to concur with the surges in our own destruction. All skill became useless; the steering of our ship ceased. Some raised piercing cries; others waited in *silence* for death. In their despair these cursed the gods; those implored them on their knees. Free from fear (for love had engrossed her heart) Sophene threw herself into my arms. I approach death unterrified, said she. The gods are just; I deserve it. Let the *chastisement* be ever so sudden, and rigorous, it does not equal my demerits. I die; but I do not complain. O Sophocles! how great is the power of Love! At the same time that my undutifulness to my doleful parents flies in my face; when I am conscious of its having drawn the wrath of the gods upon us;

when I am ready to atone for it by the sacrifice they exact of my attained life, yet in that dreadful moment thou art what I regret most, thou, the fondly-beloved cause of the breach I have made in my most sacred duties. Show thy courage ! It is a greater blessing to die than to live longer disunited.

SPANISH WAR-SONG.

Sons of Spain, whose forms repose
Where the cloud its shadow throws
Over St. Sebastian's height,
Rise and nerve ye for the fight !
Hark ! his wing the raven flutters,
Ominous the sounds he utters,
Sounds of death unto our foes
Ere another day shall close.

Sons of Spain, arise ! behold
Yonder banner's massy fold !
Ere the morning breeze unfurl it,
To the dust inglorious hurl it !
Down upon their columns sweep,
As the whirlwind on the deep,
When its all-destroying breath
Lays the foeman low in death !

By the wrongs that ye have felt
Deeply let the blow be dealt,
That the Carlist host may know
They have met no common foe !
Rising morn shall view the raven
Tear the breast of every craven :
But the brave shall win their right :
Sons of Spain ! advance to fight !

D. L. E.

A PERSONAL SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

AMONG a variety of engagements of much or little importance, in which I participated during a campaign in the Peninsula, I have the honour of reckoning the well-contested and glorious battle of Talavera. I was at that time attached to a corps of hussars, which, the night preceding the conflict of the 28th of July, was ordered up from the rear to the left of the height on which the right division of the British force joined the left of the Spanish, and so many violent attacks were made by the enemy. The ground in front of this position was open, but in many parts intercepted by deep gullies formed by the rain from the mountains, and at that time dry. During the night a second attempt was made. On the evening of the 27th, as soon as the advanced guard was withdrawn, the enemy pushed forward, and about five o'clock commenced a general action by a heavy cannonade upon the British line, and an attempt to take possession of it was made on this height, of which the French obtained a momentary possession; but were again repulsed, and pursued with great slaughter nearly to their own lines. In this state of alarm the night was spent; but, being placed somewhat out of the way, we were comparatively quiet. Bodies of dragoons and other cavalry were in our immediate neighbourhood, and on our left was a valley running between the height and the mountains, which took the direction of Escalona, well occupied with masses of infantry. The line of the combined army extended nearly three miles, the right flank protected by the Tagus, and the left resting on the height above mentioned, which commanded the greater part of the field of battle.

Night had made little difference in our dispositions; and, when the day broke, the contending parties were to be discovered drawn up in order of battle, as on the preceding evening, within 600 yards of each other. From the rising ground on which we stood, the well-defined lines of the hostile armies were clearly to be distinguished. Cavalry, artillery, and infantry, were drawn up opposite in the greatest precision; and now and then, we could perceive aides-de-camp riding swiftly off to the different positions, and the glittering uniforms of general officers threading the formidable array. I had scarcely been off my horse during the whole night, and felt far from fresh; but my company were in fine condition, and, drawn up in close column, the embroidery of their uniforms glittering in the misty morning sun, and their dark feathers streaming in the breeze, cut a most gallant figure. Little was said; all hands were on our bridles, and our eyes eagerly directed towards the mass of French heavy infantry before us. Nearly an hour elapsed before any thing was done. The vapours of early morning were clearing off, and the hazy sun mounting redly in the pale sky; but presently, out

darted a jet of flame from the sombre rank of French guns on our left, and all was bustle amongst the groups of horse artillerymen around them. Life seemed to have been instantaneously imparted to both lines: flash succeeded flash, and report broke on the echoes of report, till the lateral streams of sulphureous smoke, issuing successively from the grim mouths of the guns, circled broadly upwards, and began to roll majestically over towards us. Presently our own cannon began to answer: many bodies of light and heavy infantry to our left advancing forwards, expanded their flanks, and drew out in the valley: files of horse artillery, the trampling of their hoofs mingling with the heavy roll of the following gun-carriages, were galloping up into array; and the voices of officers, the rattle of drums, the thundering of the enemy's cannon, and the now frequent discharges of that portion of the British which had come up, grandly announced that the battle was commencing in reality. Under cover of this heavy cannonade, the enemy pushed forward two divisions of infantry to storm the height on our flank. By this time the whole field was filled with clouds of white smoke, and it was only through their intervals that I could catch a cloudy view of those who were advancing. They reached the height, and rushed on at the charge step; but from the jets of snow-white smoke which shot forward from the *mêlée*, the unintermitting rattle of musketry, and the flash of bayonets, I could see that their reception was warm and unwavering. We were placed just on the ascent, and had a full though not clear view of the conflict. The ground was most bravely contested by our light-armed infantry, and through the smoke we could see man after man fall beneath the thrust of the British bayonet. The firing became hotter and fiercer: the officers were, on both sides, to be seen running here and there, cheering on their men, and combating in the thickest of the press. Meantime, fresh bodies of men were brought forward from the rear of the two divisions; they were as gallantly received; and the foremost ranks of the enemy, falling into fragments, were thrown into irretrievable disorder. This was the time for fresh efforts: the English soldiery pushed bravely forwards, striking down the foremost, fusilading those who were remote or detached, and carrying forward the whole, like sheep before the bayonet. Amidst the rattle of this partial engagement, pealed the thunders of the French and British artillery: showers of balls were flying in all directions; horses and men falling, and fresh tides of stifling smoke rolling upwards in extending masses. I could see nothing but smoke, and the hundred flashes of the cannon. The whole scene was filled with snow-white drifting vapour, through which, phantom-like, groups would now and then flit into evanescent existence. The noise of the ordnance was prodigious, and their successive bangs, intermixed with the dropping fire of musketry, seemed the precursors of a universal destruction. Rumbling echoes boomed heavily over the distant mountains, while a hundred rattlings seemed to ring in various directions through the nearer atmosphere. The attempt of the enemy to storm the height had entirely failed: repulsed by the bayonets of Major General Hill's division, covered by their guns, they retreated in the smoke to their own lines.

From this period till about mid-day, the action was chiefly maintained by the fire of artillery; that of the enemy being considerably more numerous and of heavier metal than our own. Their shells were thrown with great precision, and did considerable execution. One of our ammunition-waggon was blown up with a tremendous explosion, and we in return dismounted several of their guns, and blew up two of their tumbrels.

Our part in the battle had as yet been next to nothing, and our Colonel gave orders for our companies to retire successively into securer ground. I had better opportunities now of witnessing the state of the engagement. The firing ceased for a time on both sides, and the wind blowing off the smoke, disclosed each of the hostile armies: much destruction had been made in their advanced divisions; dead men and horses were lying about in considerable quantities, and I could perceive the wounded being taken off on both sides to the rear. While engaged in this painful duty, the British and French soldiers shook hands with each other, and expressed their mutual admiration.

A great deal of activity was to be discerned in the whole length of the enemy's line. Fresh guns were hastened up, fresh bodies of cavalry and infantry changing their dispositions; generals issuing their orders, and aides flying in various directions. They were forming in the rear several heavy columns of infantry, and another attack was soon to be looked for.

Just at this moment, an aide gave our commander directions to file off to the left, attended by some bodies of Dragoons, and face a column of French, which was advancing by the valley. The time of action, and danger approached. The cannon again began to thunder; fresh clouds rolled over the field of battle, and through the misty shroud, that spread like an immense canopy above and around us, I could vaguely perceive,—for my senses were in too much excitement to distinguish accurately—the whirling gallop of advancing squadrons, the busy artillery-men, changing, pointing, and discharging, the rush of compact brigades, the cocked hats of field-officers, and clouds of feathered shakoës. The whole scene was one of the most extraordinary activity. I saw, and knew nothing of what took place at even a comparatively speaking small distance. The battle was to me confined to a small space. All beyond was cloud, thunder, and uncertainty. The French were again advancing in considerable numbers, under cover of the whole of their artillery, and bodies of infantry were defiling on our left, in order to cut off that flank. The firing was very hot at all points, and around me the death-dealing bullets were doing full execution.

The enemy had now pushed forward to the centre of the valley. The engagement in all directions grew warmer and warmer. Wounded officers were every minute being conveyed out of the confusion; and fresh troops were constantly brought up. A steady and destructive fusilade was kept up by our infantry upon the advancing columns of French; but so many, and so constant were the charges, and so frequent were the attacks of fresh troops, that some of our advanced lines gave way, and the enemy poured like torrents

into their interstices. The loss in these points was very great : dis-severed groups of infantry were hurrying hither and thither in complete disorder ; while, to add to their confusion, they were surrounded with fire and smoke, and exposed to the murderous artillery discharges of the enemy. At this moment a strong column of the French infantry was observed to be slowly advancing by the valley. All the officers in our part of the field were galloping here and there to concentrate our regiments of cavalry ; and soon quantities of Dragoons and Hussars rode up, and were thrown into masses. The word "charge" sent the leading divisions into the smoke and *mêlée* before us, and, ere the drifts of vapour had well rolled over their figures, we were commanded to dash after them. Never shall I forget the scene. Men, horses, plumes, flew past me like a chaotic panorama, while before thundered the din of the thickening conflict. On we rushed ; our prancing steeds striking up the dust, and grass ; trumpets blowing, drums beating, cannons knelling, feathers, manes, and pelisses waving, swords glittering, and hoofs tramping. Sweeping on like a whirlwind, flying-on fusilading infantry, plunging cavalry, scattered around us, we darted into the smoke, and bore down with the full weight of our irresistible charge right upon the centre of the enemy's column. Every thing instantly became matter of life and death. Broken by the sweep of the attack into fragments, both assailants and assailed combated singly, or in parties. We were most gallantly received ; my horse began to reel and pant in the closeness and desperation of the encounter, and bayonets and swords were crossing, and bullets whistling by me, much too closely to be agreeable. I cut meantime around me with the full swing of my arm, and had the satisfaction of bringing down many a tall grenadier to my horse's feet. Four or five of my Hussars, who were in my neighbourhood, I could see making desperate efforts to push on. Down fell man after man, while their straining steeds, excited to madness by the spur, rode grandly over dead and dying, and bore their blood-stained riders deeper and deeper into the press. Masterless horses were flying about the field ; others falling to the earth, struck down by cannon balls. Bearing all down however before us, we swept on like a tornado, galloping over dead steeds and dying men, cutting to pieces all that opposed us, and trampling life out of the overthrown. Owing to the great inequality of the ground, and the gullies with which it was intersected, we,—together with the cavalry that accompanied us,—were unable to preserve that solidity so necessary in a charge, and our loss was therefore considerable. I saw many an officer, his embroidery defaced with blood, brought down by bayonet thrusts, or sabre strokes. Notwithstanding all this, we penetrated a solid column of the opposing enemy, and put to rout every line of infantry near us. The ground over which we had so swiftly and victoriously passed was a complete wreck : overturned guns, loose artillery-horses, colours, prostrate chargers, whole files of light infantry and grenadiers, actually ridden down in the positions they occupied, were scattered in every possible direction. In the distance, sullenly rolled dense tides of sulphury smoke ; and from

the lightning-like glitter of steel on the height to our left, I could see that the conflict had been there, of no less severe a nature. Our troopers were now riding about over the broken remnants of the enemy's column of infantry, and the smoke began gradually to clear a little off. By our powerful diversion, we had decided the battle in this quarter, and our advantage was rendered complete by a vigorous charge made by the bayonets of General Alexander Campbell's brigade, supported by two regiments of Spanish infantry, on that portion of the enemy which had pushed on, on the right. Eighteen pieces of cannon, planted by Colonel Robe of the Royal Artillery in an oblique direction, at the same time were brought to bear on the flank of the enemy's column, both as they advanced, and as they retreated, beyond the reach of the British musketry.

After having maintained our forward position for some time, we were obliged to retreat, fresh bodies of French troops having been advanced, and a battery of artillery opened in our direction. But this had been the enemy's grand attack, and though they opened a heavy fire of cannon and musketry on the brigade of guards, of General Sherbrooke's division, which in its charge had advanced too far, they soon found that their efforts to force our lines had been ineffectual, and began to retreat. The brigade, exposed to a dreadful fire, was extricated by the advance of the first battalion of the 48th regiment, supported by General Cotton's brigade of cavalry. The French, seeing themselves foiled in all their attacks, shortly after commenced retreating across the Alberche to Santa Olalla. A rear guard of 10,000 men was left in the heights behind the river; but this body was also withdrawn on the 31st.

 WAR.

BARD of Spania, wake thy lyre!

Sing the toils—the woes of war :
 Flush the warrior's glow of wrath—
 Contempt of foemen—scorn of death—
 O'er thy rugged hills afar.

Sing the scene where havock reigns—
 Bid them “tremble” at thy strains!
 Note Destruction's giant path
 Through the crimson tide of death!

List the squadron's loud huzza,
 “Cheering” to the charge again;
 Bid that phalanx disappear—
 Fallen in their fierce career,

A mass of carnage on the plain!
 Let the storm of battle rise—
 The victor's shouts—the wounded's cries!
 “Onward!—Onward point the brave
 “To victory, or a bloody grave!”

"They fly!—they fly—the Carlists fly!"

Let the dreadful havock cease!
 Bid the beamless sun descend—
 Bid eve's lengthening shadows bend
 In darkness o'er the vale of peace.
 But ah! that peace!—So sad its reign—
 So drear its silence on the plain—
 That not the war-cry's madd'ning bray
 Inspires such horror and dismay!

Bid Zumalcarraghy's spirit rest—
 Pour the "death song" o'er his grave!
 If he fought for freedom—*blest*;
 If ambition fir'd his breast—
 He fought—he fell, ignobly brave!
 O'er his grass-bound covert low,
 Time's o'erwhelming stream shall flow;
 Thy warriors' sons will trembling gaze,
 When his blood-smear'd arms they raise.

Bard of Spania! change the strain!
 The widow's orphans' sorrows tell:
 Mark the matron's bursting sigh—
 And the virgin's wilder eye
 Brooding o'er the last farewell!
 Hush'd be now their weary woes—
 Tranquil be their dark repose—
 Let the daisy's artless bloom
 Deck each mourner's lowly tor

Ye who fire the train of war,
 Explosive of a nation's joy—
 Can ye for some idle name—
 For int'rest—or inglorious fame—
 Bid the "stateless" sword destroy?
 The hapless orphan's "curse" shall swell
 The clangour of your funeral knell!
 Posterity shall join the stave
 Of execration o'er your grave!

Bard of Albion, hush thy lyre!
 Hush the sad unsoothing strain!
 And never may such notes of woe,
 Dread, and indignation flow
 From its trembling chords again.
 Oblivion! draw thy mystic gloom
 O'er the soldier's silent tomb;
 Hope! limner sweet of future bliss,
 Portray the fairy scenes of peace!

ON BORES.

"Cease rude Bore———" *Old Song.*

WITH the forms, habits, instincts, and capacities of nearly every beast of the forest, bird of the air, and fish of the sea, we, the lords of the creation, are, thanks to Buffon, Audubon, Wilson, and the other learned zoologists, ornithologists, and ickythologists, by this time tolerably familiar—tolerably do I say?—entirely, perfectly. We are as well acquainted with the internal politics of a bee-hive, as though we had a "voice potential" in their senate, or presided at the cabinet council at which the bill of pains and penalties against their queen is resolved upon. We know all that is remarkable in rats (no offence to any man of quality), beautiful in butterflies, or wonderful in woodcocks. The diet of Worms has supplied no with-food-for meditation, and a convocation of politic cows has often made us ruminating animals, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." There is, however, one animal, or rather—would it were not so—one class of animals—which, though common as blackberries, and indigenous to every clime, from "Indus to the pole," has yet, by some unaccountable negligence yet unexplained, entirely escaped the researches of our naturalists; the name that it bears is not to be found in the index of the Naturalists' Library. Nor is its form to be seen "as our rarer monsters are" on the acres of canons affixed outside those perambulatory menageries, which haunt our fairs, attracting the admiring eyes of the rising generation, to "that within which passeth show." The animal to which I allude is of the class mammalia, *genus homo*, and is called a *bore* (male and female after their kind); *unde derivatur* I know not, nor have any of the authorities which I have carefully consulted been able to give me any information. By the by, the first of the class mentioned in history are three who paid a condolatory visit to the man of Uz in his affliction; but that, as I said before, is "parenthetical and by the by;" however, to pass that by for the present, there is one thing which I can confidently assert, and defy contradiction; and that is, that there is not on the face of the globe a more obnoxious animal. It is true that the spring of the tiger is more deadly—(especially should he take an honourable member by surprise, not having given notice of his motion), the hug fraternal of the bear less endurable for the time being. At all events, should chance decree them the victory, a few minutes decide the matter; they do not "cruel let you linger in your pain;" and, on the other hand, a couple of balls well bestowed, and you are freed for ever, and "so being gone, you are a man again;" but, "oh what damned minutes counts he o'er," who has the misery to be encountered by a bore, with a tenacity which "age cannot wither nor custom stale!" he will cling to you "for the hour by Shrewsbury," or any other clock;" he will conjugate

the verb to bore in all its moods and tenses; he will "vex the dull ear of a drowsy man" with something even more tedious than a thrice-told tale, he will "cleave with horrid din" the drum or tympanum of your ears, and yet—fie upon our laws—we may not slit his weasand, or knock him o' the pate; and "why is this wherefore what should we do?" We all know that in many parts of the globe various animals, the dog, the monkey, and even a species of vulture, are held sacred; but then that is not unaccounted for. In some instances religious feelings are enlisted in their defence, and in that of the last they are patronised by the oriental utilitarians; for they gratuitously act as scavengers; but of what earthly use is it even pretended is the bore? Why should he be suffered to "live, and move, and have his being?" Is he not a decided nuisance? At all events, why not send him to end his days amid a dungeon's gloom? but no! our laws, more merciful than just, will not even justify us in committing a nuisance. We have all of us heard, and some of us been engaged in, a wild *boar* hunt. Wherefore are we not permitted to exercise ourselves in chasing a tame *bore*? I pause for a reply. It has been my—I hope peculiar—ill-fortune to suffer more boring perhaps than any one in three hundred; but I know not wherefore. Whether it is that I am of a silent and grave temperament—whether they (the bores) see or fancy they see in me any outward and visible sign, any incipient symptoms, proximate or remote, giving the world assurance of a *boree*, (that is, one capable of being bored), I know not; but this I do know that I have won golden opinion from all sorts of bores. I have been bored until my eyelids would no longer wag, till I have thought that, compared to what I have endured, Sindbad's old man of the mountain must have been a remarkably pleasant travelling companion. I have been maddened until even my powers of endurance have refused their office. They have aroused the lion in his lair; let them take the consequences of his fang, I do disclaim in them, and my revenge shall be proportioned to their dire offence. They best can paint it who have felt it most. I will no longer bear the silent system. I intend to give the world a full history of the species, genus, and classification; a description of the various sorts of bores in the habits as they live, and with the habits they have contracted; anecdotes of bores political—(of which there are several very fine specimens to be seen nightly in the neighbourhood of Westminster, "where they most do congregate"); theatrical, medical, military, scientific, domestic, literary, and legal, with various well-authenticated anecdotes of some of the most remarkable of the order. I will arouse the world to a full sense of all that it has endured, till, arising as one man, they who would be free themselves will strike the blow, and free themselves for ever from the hateful oligarchy of the bores. For my poor part, I ask no public thanks, no silver salvers, and no rent. For the agitation which I am about to commence, I am content with the grateful thanks of a "liberal and enlightened" people, the blessings of the poor, and the gratitude of posterity, that will gild my humble name, and with that I shall be happy, be content, like Thomas Thumb. I shall have "done my duty, and I've done no more." Vale.

MAR. W—.

ODE TO AN ALBUM.

O Register of lover's sighs!
 Journal of tear-filled eyes—
 Side-winded Maker
 Of declarations—Taker
 Of hints conveyed in sonnets—
 Patterns of modish bonnets—
 And "clever" things; from folks who have not *much* care.
 O *olla podrida*! O literary *Dutch* fair!
 Picture of innocence, or rather those who ape her,
 Edging of *gilt*; but *surface* of white paper,
 Well-freighted vessel, outward bound
 In calf, with songs for *Ply-mouth Sound*!
 In fine, O universal showman!
 Of character, both grave and merry,
 Thou'rt very like a Woman—
 Very!

Are not thy many-tinted pages
 Types of her eras, years, and stages?
 Behold the girl, unmarked by grief,
 Unsullied by thy whitest leaf.
 Then, having finished her scholastic labours,
 Regard her from her continental neighbours,
 Borrowing an azure tint, though very slight
 Just strong enough to be like your *French white*.
 At length, with scrawling lines in you
 She straight becomes a deep-dyed "*blue*,"
 Next to the "*grande passion*" she glows,
 And sees all things "*couleur de rose*;"
 Mankind is seen through Love's "*pink specs*;"
 Until *the* ring her finger decks:
 Then, enter Jealousy's *green* eyes,
 Which, mixing with her *blue* propensities,
 Imparts a dash of *brimstone*—This makes my sum
 Of similes—for thou my friend art *dumb*!

O "trivial, fond, record" of *bagatelles*!
 O cornucopia of charading belles!
Measure done up in *quarto*, fare thee well!
 Flirt, till you make with inky tears each pen full;
 Coquette with every brush, with every pencil;
 Copy the sex, my parallel obey:—
 Receive a *fresh impression*, every day:
 Rove like the bee, collect each mental sweet,
 And bring the treasure to thy mistress' feet.

W. W. W.

THE PROSCRIBED :

*Translated from the French of M. De Balzac, by Margaret Patrickson—
from an unpublished Work.*

p 262

Jacqueline, left alone in the house, ascended hastily to the chamber of the unknown gentleman, to see if she could not pick up there something that might let her a little into the secret of this mysterious affair. Like the philosophers who give themselves such infinite pains to complicate the clear and simple principles of nature, she had already constructed a shapeless, incongruous romance, which sufficed to explain to her the union of these three extraordinary individuals under her humble roof. She rummaged the coffer, examined all she found, and could discover nothing wonderful. She only saw upon the table an inkstand, and some sheets of parchment; but, not knowing how to read, her discovery was thrown away upon her, and she remained as much in the dark as ever. Female curiosity led her to the chamber of the handsome young man, from the window of which she distinguished her two guests crossing the Seine in the boat of the ferry-man.

—"They are like two statues;" said she to herself. "Ha! ha! they are landing opposite the *Rue du Fouarre*! How light the little darling is! he leaps on shore like a bullfinch. The old gentleman looks beside him like a stone saint in a cathedral. They are going to the ancient school of the Four Nations. Presto! they are gone. I see them no longer.—It is here that he lives, the poor cherubim!" added she, looking round upon the furniture of the room; "how gallant and pleasant he is! Ah! these great lords are differently made from us."

And Jacqueline descended, after having passed her hand over the counterpane, dusted the coffer, and asked herself for the hundredth time during the last six months: "But what the devil does he pass his blessed days in doing? He cannot always be looking up at the blue sky and the bright stars, that God has hung up there, like lanterns. The dear child must be labouring under some affliction. But why should the old master and he scarcely ever speak to each other?"

And then she lost herself in a wild confusion of thoughts, which, in the brain of a woman, are apt to get entangled like a twisted skein of thread. The elderly stranger and his young companion had, indeed, entered one of those schools which at this period rendered the *Rue du Fouarre*, so celebrated throughout Europe. The illustrious Sigier, the most famous doctor in mystical theology of the University of Paris, was ascending the stairs of his pulpit at the moment that Jacqueline's two lodgers arrived at the ancient school of the Four Nations, and entered a large hall on the ground floor, level with the street. The cold flags were strewn with fresh straw,

on which a good number of students had one knee rested, the other remaining raised, in order to take down in short-hand the extemporaneous effusion of the master, by means of those abbreviating signs whose lost import throws into despair the decyphers of modern times. The hall was full, not only of scholars, but also of the most distinguished members of the clergy, the court, and the judicial order. There were to be seen learned strangers, men of the sword, and rich citizens. There the eyes were met by specimens of those well-developed faces, protuberant foreheads, and venerable beards, which, in the pictures of the middle age, inspire us with a sort of religious devotion for our ancestors. Some meagre visages with brilliant deep-set eyes, surmounted by bald craniums, time-tarnished through the fatigues of an impotent scholastic divinity, the favourite passion of the age, were contrasted with young ardent heads, with grave sedate countenances, with warriors' faces, flashing fire, and with the varied rubicund visages of a few financiers, breathing gold and calculation. These lessons, dissertations, and themes, sustained by the most brilliant geniuses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, excited all the enthusiasm of our forefathers. They were their bull-fights, their Italian operas, their tragedy and comedy, their great dancers, all the theatre in fine. The representations of mysteries were but the successors of these spiritual combats, which perhaps gave birth to the French stage. At that time, an inspired eloquence, which united to the charm of the human voice, skilfully managed, the subtleties of rhetoric, and the most daring researches into the secrets of God, satisfied curiosity, moved the passions, and was the fashionable exhibition of the day. Theology then comprised all the sciences. It was science itself, as grammar was formerly with regard to the Greeks. Theology opened a rich future to those who distinguished themselves among those intellectual gladiators, in which, like Jacob, the orators wrestled with the spirit of God. The embassies, the arbitraments between sovereigns, the chancellorships, the ecclesiastical dignities, all belonged to those whose speech had been painted in theological controversy. The pulpit was the tribune of the epoch. This system continued till the day when Rabelais immolated the *disputations wrangling of the schools*,* with his terrible raillery, as Cervantes exterminated *chivalry* by a written comedy.

In order to comprehend this extraordinary age, the spirit which dictated its *chefs-d'œuvre*, unknown in our times, although in truth immense, to explain even its barbarism, it would suffice only to study the constitutions of the University of Paris, and to examine the strange system of instruction then in all its vigour. Theology was divided into two faculties, that of *theology*, properly so called, and that by *decree*. The faculty of theology had three sections; the scholastical, the canonical, and the mystical. It would be superfluous, consequently tiresome, to explain the attributions of those

* I had a great mind to anglicize the French word *ergotisme* by cutting off the final *e*, but I durst not, in spite of its conciseness, and classic claims to legitimacy.—T.

divers portion of the science, since one alone, mystical theology, is the subject of the present study. MYSTICAL THEOLOGY, then, embraced the whole of the *divine revelations* and the explanations of the *mysteries*. This branch of the ancient theology has remained secretly in honour until the present time. Jacob Bœhm, Swedenborg, Martinez, Pasqualis, Saint-Martin, Molina^s, Mesdames Guyon, Bourginon, and Krudener, the great sect of the Ecstatics, and that of the Illuminati, have, at various periods, worthily supported the doctrines of this science, whose end has something in it fearful and gigantic. Now, as in the time of the doctor Sigier, man seems to want but wings in order to penetrate daringly into the sanctuary, where the Almighty conceals himself from our eyes. This digression was necessary to render intelligible the scene at which the old man and the youth who so lately left the banks of Notre Dame, came to be present at ; and will thus defend from all reproach, a study strictly historical, but which rash and confident judges might perhaps suspect of falsehood, or tax with hyperbole.

The doctor Sigier was a great man, celebrated during his lifetime, and in the pride of his age. His countenance, preserved from oblivion in the chronicles or records of the University, presents striking analogies to that of Mirabeau. It was stamped with the seal of eloquence, but of an eloquence animated, impetuous, terrible. The doctor bore upon his brow the signs of religious belief and ardent faith which were wanting in the other case ; and his voice possessed, moreover, a persuasive softness, and a tone calculated at once to awaken and to soothe. At this hour, the daylight which the windows, composed of very small panes of glass, garnished with lead, shed around but parsimoniously, coloured the assemblage with a thousand capricious tints, creating here and there the most vigorous contrasts, by the mixture of light and darkness. Here eyes sparkling in obscure corners ; there black shining locks, upon which the sunbeams shone as if with pleasure, rose luminously above faces buried in the shade ; there several time-shorn heads, preserved only from absolute baldness by a scanty circle of white hair, appeared above the crowd, like a crenated parapet silvered by the moon. All these heads, turned towards the doctor, remained in mute impatience. The monotonous voices of the other professors, whose schools were adjacent, resounded through the silent street like the murmuring of a heavy tide. The steps of the two strangers, who arrived at this moment, excited general attention. The doctor Sigier, ready to begin, saw the majestic old man standing, and cast his eyes around in search of a place, but not finding one, the crowd being so great, he descended, approached him respectfully, and arranged him a seat on the stairs of the pulpit, lending him his stool. The assemblage greeted this attention by a long murmur of applause, as they recognised in the aged stranger the hero of an admirable thesis recently pronounced at the Sorbonne. When the unknown was placed, and cast upon the auditory beneath him that profound glance in which seemed to be conveyed a poem entire of misfortune and melancholy, of suffering and sorrow, more than one heart thrilled with indefinable emotion. The youth shared the fate

of his venerable friend, and seated himself upon one of the steps, in an enchanting attitude of grace and sadness, his body resting against the pulpit. Then the silence became profound, and the threshold of the door, even the street itself, was in a few instants obstructed by a crowd of scholars who deserted the other classes.

The doctor Sigier was about to sum up, in a closing discourse, the theories that he had advanced upon the resurrection, and upon Heaven and Hell, in his preceding lectures. His curious doctrine was responsive to the sympathies of the age, and satisfied those immediate longings after the marvellous which have tormented man from the creation of the world.*

The doctor commenced by recapitulating simply, in a calm tone, and without employing emphasis, the principal points already laid down. "No intellect was to be found corresponding in all points with another. Had man a right to demand of his Creator an amount of the inequality of the moral powers which he had bestowed upon such individual? Without desiring to penetrate all at once into the designs of God, were we not compelled, in point of fact, to acknowledge, that, in consequence of their general dissimilarity, the various degrees of intellectual power must be divided into grand spheres or orders? From the sphere in which shone the least intelligence unto the most translucent in which the soul perceives the road that leads to God and immortality, did there not exist a real gradation of spirituality? Did not the minds belonging to the same sphere comprehend each other fraternally in soul and body, in thoughts and feelings?" And here the doctor unfolded some marvellous theories relative to the sympathies. He explained in Biblical language all the phenomena of love, the instinctive repulsions, the lively attractions which forget or set at defiance the laws of space; the sudden cohesion of minds which seem at once to recognise each other as kindred spirits. Then, as to the various degrees of force of which our affections were susceptible, he resolved them by the place, more or less remote, that each being occupied in his respective circle. After which he revealed sophistically the grand idea of the Supreme Being in the co-ordination of the different terrestrial spheres. By means of man he said, these spheres created an intermediate world between the intelligence of the brute and between the intelligence of the angels. The word *divine* nourished, according to him, the word *spiritual*; the word *spiritual* nourished the word *animated*; the word *animated* nourished the word *animal*; the word *animal* nourished the word *vegetable*, and the word *vegetable* expressed the life of the word *sterile*. The successive transformations of chrysales that God thus laid upon our souls, and this species of infused animation which, from one zone to another, goes on communicating its vital influence always more lively, more spiritual, more clearly-seeing; developed confusedly, but perhaps wonderfully enough for his inexperienced

* This extravagant attempt of man to clasp an infinity which always eludes or escapes from his debile grasp, this last contest of mind with itself, was an undertaking worthy of an assembly, brilliant with all the great lights of the age, and where, perhaps, sparkled, for the moment, the most comprehensive of human imaginations.

auditors, the progressive improvement impressed by the Most High upon all nature. Aided by numerous passages drawn from holy writ, and which he employed as commentaries on himself, in order to express, by bold and sensible images, the abstract reasonings in which he was deficient, he appeared as if brandishing the spirit of God himself, like a torch of living fire, through the profoundest recesses of creation, with an eloquence which was peculiar to him, and whose accents excited the attention and enchained the conviction of his auditory. Unfolding in this manner this mysterious system in all its consequences, he gave the key to all the symbols, he justified the vocations, the particular gifts of genius in its various walks, and the diversities of human talent. Become in an instant a physiologist by instinct, he accounted for the animal resemblances inscribed so often on the human countenance, by primordial analogies and by the ascending impulse of all-created matter. He compelled you to join, as it were, in the sport of nature, while he assigned a mission and a future to minerals, plants, and animals. After having—the Bible in his hand—spiritualized matter and materialized spirit, after having shown an over-ruling Providence in all things, and imprinted the seal of respect on his least works, he admitted the possibility of advancing, by means of faith, from one sphere to another.

Such was the first part of his discourse, whose doctrines he contrived to apply, by adroitly managed digressions, to the feudal system. The poetry, religious and profane, and the rude, unpolished eloquence of the times, might range at large in this immense theory, in which all the philosophical systems of antiquity were confounded in one general mass. Armed with the mystical demonstrations by which he explained the actual world in which we live, the doctor Sigier constructed another intermediate world, whose gradually elevated spheres separated us from God, as the plant was divided from us by an infinity of circles, all necessary to pass, before arriving at any community. He peopled the heavens, the planets, the stars, the sun. In the name of Saint Paul he invested man with a new power. It was permitted to them to mount from world to world, unto the sources of existence.—The mystical ladder of Jacob was, at the same time, the religious formula of this divine secret, and the traditional proof of the fact. He was expatiating in the vast regions of space, drawing after him on the wings of his own inspiration the impassioned souls of his auditors, making infinity felt by them, and plunging them in the celestial ocean. The doctor thus explained very logically the nature and existence of Hell by other circles, in an inverse order from the brilliant spheres which aspire to Heaven, and in which suffering replaces light and mind. The tortures were comprehended as well as the joys. The terms of comparison were easily found in the transitions of an earthly existence, in its varying atmospheres of grief and intelligence. Thus the most extraordinary fables of Hell and Purgatory were found to be naturally realised. He made an admirable deduction on the fundamental reasons of our virtues. The pious man, treading the narrow path in poverty, serene in his conscience, always at peace with himself, and persisting in not belying himself, even in his secret heart, in spite of the dis-

couraging spectacles afforded by triumphant vice, was a fallen and punished angel, who, remembering his origin, and foreseeing his recompense, accomplished his task and obeyed his noble mission. The sublime acts of resignation, of which Christianity has afforded most touching examples, then appeared in all their glory. He placed the martyrs on their funereal pires, or at the glowing stake of ardent flames, and almost despoiled them of their merit in stripping them of their sufferings. He showed the *internal* angel in the heavens, whilst his outward covering or *external* man was in the blood-thirsty pincers of the executioners. He painted, he made known by celestial signs, by privileged beauties, angels among men, as if he himself existed in a sphere above them. He went then to tear from the inmost recesses, from the very entrails of the understanding, the veritable sense of the word *fall* which is to be found in every language. He seized upon the most futile traditions, in order to demonstrate the truth of our origin, and explained with incredible lucidity the passion that all men have to mount, to raise themselves above others; instinctive ambition, perpetual revelation of our destiny. He embraced, and led those who heard him to do the same, at one glance the entire universe, and described the substance of God himself, ever flowing like an immense flood scarcely contained within its banks from the centre to the extremities, and from the extremities towards the centre. Nature was one, and compact. In the work to all appearance the most insignificant, as in the most vast, all obeyed this law. All created matter presented, in miniature, an exact image of it, be it in the sap of the plant, be it in the blood of man, or in the course of the stars. He heaped proof upon proof, and embodied his ideas always by pictures full of harmony, melodious by their poesy. He advanced boldly to confront objections. Thus he crushed, as it were, under the moral weight of an eloquent interrogation the monuments of our sciences and all the human superfetations for which society seizes upon the elements of the terrestrial world. He demanded whether our wars, our misfortunes, our depravations, presented the great movement impressed by God on all worlds. And then he turned into ridicule the impotence of man. He showed us our noblest efforts every where effaced. He invoked the manes of Tyre, of Carthage, and of Babylon; he summoned Babel and Jerusalem to appear; and he sought for, without finding them, the ephemeral traces of the human plough. Humanity was floating over the world like a vessel whose track disappears under the peaceable bosom of the ocean. Such were the fundamental notions of the discourse pronounced by the doctor Sigier: ideas which he enveloped in the mystical language and barbarous Latin in use at that period. The Scriptures, of which he had made a particular study, furnished him with the weapons, armed with which he appeared to his age, in order to urge on its march. He covered his hardihood, as with a mantle, by his great knowledge, and his philosophy under the sanctity of his manners. At this instant, after having set his audience face to face with God, after having compressed the world in an idea, and almost unveiled the idea of the world, he contemplated the silent, palpitating assem-

bly, and interrogated the stranger by a look. Excited, doubtless, by the presence of this extraordinary being, he added these words, freed here from the corrupt Latinity of the middle age. "Whence do you believe that a man can draw these fecund truths, if it is not from the breast of God himself? What am I? The feeble translator of a single line bequeathed to us by the most powerful of the Apostles; a single line amidst a thousand others equally brilliant with light. Before us all, St. Paul had said: *In Deo vivimus, movemur, et sumus*; "in God we live, and move, and have our being." To-day, less believing and more learned, or less informed and more incredulous, we should demand of the Apostle to know what good end this perpetual progress was to answer? Where this life distributed by zones is going to? For what the intelligence beginning by the confused perceptions of marble, and proceeding from sphere to sphere, unto man, unto angels, unto God? Where is the source, where is the sea? Whether the life, arrived at God through worlds and stars, through matter and spirit, redescends towards another end? You would wish to see the world on both sides. You would adore the sovereign, on condition of seating yourselves a moment on his throne. Insensate that we are! we deny to the most intelligent animals the gift of comprehending our thoughts and the end of our actions; we are without pity for the creatures of the inferior spheres, we chase them from our world, we refuse them the faculty of divining the human thought, and we would arrogate to ourselves the knowledge of the most elevated of all ideas, the idea of the idea! the light of light! Well then, go, set out! mount by faith from globe to globe, take your flight in the measureless fields of space! Thought, love, and faith are its mysterious keys. Traverse the circles! proceed to the throne. God is more clement than you are: he has opened his temple to all that he has created. But forget not the example of Moses. Take off your shoes before entering the sanctuary, cleanse yourself from all spot, quit entirely your body; for God—God is light!

THE MONKEY.

(Translated from the French.)

AN Ape in Paris pass'd his life,
 To whom they gave a loving wife:
 He mimick'd cruel husbands too,
 And beat his lady black and blue,
 He broke her bones—she broke her heart and died:
 Her son deplor'd her wretched fate, and cried!
 The father laughed—well pleased that she was dead;
 He soon found other ladies in her stead,
 And whom he beat as soundly, as they say,
 For he frequented taverns night and day.

Nothing that's good from mimics think to see
 Whether they authors or may monkeys be.—
 Authors, of all, appear the worst to me.

BRIGHTON—DIEPPE—ROUEN.

For variety, cheapness, and comfort, the road to Paris by Brighton, Dieppe, and Rouen is much to be preferred. With this conviction on my mind, I started from Piccadilly one fine morning in the month of July, arrived at Brighton about noon, caught the steam-packet on the point of leaving the pier, and was soon on board her, in the midst of light hearts and cheerful faces, bound to the opposite shore, and anticipating the delight which most people expect to find in the contemplation of a people whose manners and customs differ materially from their own. In the early days of *steaming* across the waves, the roaring of the furnace, the hissing of the steam through the safety-valve, and the Babel-like confusion of a crowded packet, would have appalled many a heart, and conveyed some ideas to a poet of the horrors of infernal regions; but custom has now rendered all these things familiar to the most timid, and even add to their pleasures. In a few seconds the ringing of the last bell, and the cry of "cast off" resounded through the vessel; the wheels began to move; the old steamer, with many a groan, seeming to quit with reluctance the gay throng assembled on the pier to watch her movements, was soon compelled to betake herself to the deep.

The town of Brighton, seen from any point, is beautiful; but the view of the neighbouring country from the sea, in fine clear weather, such as we fortunately enjoyed, baffles all power of description. The bay of Naples or of Geneva, and the scenes spread around the confluence of the Hudson and the East River at New York, have been celebrated, and justly so, by various writers; but I must confess that neither of them surpasses in magnificence the shores of Brighton. Princely buildings, hills covered with verdure, mountains rising on mountains in the back ground, a variegated throng of beauty and fashion moving on the far-extended pier, which seems upheld by fairy hand over the heaving element; the glitter of gay vehicles on the shore, and flocks of sheep browsing on the surrounding eminences, form altogether a *coup-d'œil*, which, if minutely described, would appear to be a work of fiction. It is true, we saw all this under the most favourable circumstances; for the heavens were cloudless, the sun throwing its splendid rays over the whole scene, and the green expanse of water in which we floated was rendered more vivid by its beams, reflecting every object on its surface, and reminded us of the calm abodes of the fabulous Haleyon.

Long did we gaze on these beauties, now every hour fading from the sight; but in their undefined forms not less attractive. Every tongue was silent; and every eye was turned on the shores of our Albion, till the mists of evening cast a veil over the interesting scene. The tongue now resumed its office; the wind freshened;

the calls of appetite put the steward in motion, and voices, fatherland, French, Italian, and German broke the charm of meditation.

But were there none who, pacing the deck, and blowing forth the fragrant odours of the cigar, thought of those left behind in the land which had now disappeared? Oh! yes: the half-escaped sigh, the contemplative gaze towards the shores of dear fatherland, told unequivocally what was passing in the breasts of many, and which deeply affected a few. Parents, children, friends, flitted across the mind, and recalled to some the delights of "sacred home," and to others the pangs of unrequited love or friendship. Oppressed myself with reflections of a sombre cast, I betook myself to a couch, and dreamed away two hours more of my variegated life.

On my return to the deck, the scene had completely changed, and the wind had increased so much, that the steamer staggered like a drunken man. The ladies were qualmish, and the dandies who had strutted about, but a few hours before, with all the importance a fashionable coat, looked unutterable things. About ten o'clock we descried the lights of Dieppe. The night was dark and cloudy, and the entrance to the harbour not very easy. However, at eleven, we were safely moored alongside of the custom-house *quai*, having crossed the channel in ten hours. Experiencing but little difficulty from the custom-house officers, we were soon seated at the excellent *hôtel* still kept by my old friend *madame de la Rue*, who, when I was a stripling, fleeing from a college at Paris, to avoid the horrors of the great revolution, in the time of Louis XVI, was a pretty little girl, and mingled her tears with mine as I left her father's house, in company with other fugitives, to embark on board a fishing-vessel, in a gale of wind, to return to the embraces of an affectionate mother. After a long conversation on the dangers we had past, and the changes that time and circumstances had made, we returned thanks to Almighty God for our preservation, and 'once more enjoyed the comforts of a good bed and of a friendly roof over our heads. This was the fifth time that the old lady and I had talked over our youthful days since the Restoration; and I find her ever unchanged, unchangeable, happy in possessing obedient children to relieve her from the turmoils of business, and meriting, by the kindest attentions, the applause she receives from her numerous visitors.

The town of Dieppe, as a single object, has nothing sufficiently captivating to detain the visiter a day; but the scenery in the neighbourhood, some parts of which is connected with the history of the only *good* monarch (as the French themselves say) that France ever possessed (Henri IV.) cannot fail to gratify, in a high degree, the lovers of the sublime and beautiful in nature. These were familiar to me; and I therefore determined, with the friend who accompanied me, to quit as soon as possible this ever fish-smelling port; and early the next morning I took my place on the very front pinnacle of the immense machine called a *diligence*, with some risk of breaking my neck in the ascent. The postillion smacked his whip, as usual, to announce his departure; the horses set off with a celerity one could not have expected from a survey of them; hoofs clattered over the pavement, chains rattled, all the dogs in the town

seemed assembled to bark at us ; the whole producing a *charivari*, which brought all the shopkeepers to the door, to laugh at John Bull seated in the place usually occupied by the *canaille*, and wondering that he should prefer it to the comfortable *coupée* beneath. But John likes to see and be seen. He aims, wherever he goes, as far as I have observed, at originality ; and cares little about what the *natives* say of him.

As we ascended the long and steep hill which rises from the town, in almost a straight line, for the distance of two miles, we had full leisure to view the celebrated *vallée d'Arque* extending far to the left, and passing in review before our mind's eye, the extraordinary events of which it has been, at several periods, the theatre, and of which the splendid remains of the castle,* and the obelisk erected in late times at the expense of the Duchess of Berry, are eloquent memorials. At length, arrived with much difficulty at the summit of this "proud rising," and rested some time to refresh the horses and postillion, the conductor (an important personage about a French diligence) gave the word, and on we trundled, with almost as much noise as a whole train of artillery with all their *matériel* would have made at the same pace. We now descended rapidly again into the valley, at the utmost speed of the horses (about ten miles an hour), and the jerks and creaks of the ponderous vehicle became truly appalling ; but the horses, sure-footed if not fleet, performed their business admirably, although little supported by the miserable rope-harness by which they are managed.

Rattling along at the rate of about six miles an hour, we passed through a country eminently adorned by nature, but possessing little of the artificial beauty with which, in England, we love to improve even the beauties which a beneficent Providence has bestowed on us. The *châteaux* of the wealthy citizens and even the nobility, here, still retain the formal arrangements of the olden time. All is stiff and formal ; no artificial hill and dale as with us ; no meandering walks or gurgling rivulets are created by the skill of the landscape gardener ; a few trees cut into fantastical shapes, and an avenue of fruit trees, are almost the only indications of a *château*, a name given to every house above the common size inhabited by an independent proprietor. Frenchmen, in general, seldom identify themselves with the soil which gives them the means of subsistence. It is at Paris alone that they seem to enjoy life. The calm delights of a country-seat, domestic recreations, the society of an amiable family, and the task of instructing their children under the paternal roof, are joys seldom courted by our Gallic neighbours. Paris is the *summum bonum* of their earthly happiness. "*Il n'y a qu'un Paris*," is the first expression they are taught to utter, and which seems to influence the whole course of their lives. However, as estates in France are let out in small farms, the fields are well tilled, produce abundantly,

* This castle was built in 1046, and was dismantled by Henri IV., after his victory over the Duke de Guise. Travellers visiting Dieppe, would be much gratified in inspecting its now ivy-covered ruins.

and are more delightful to the eye of the philanthropist than the ornamental grounds of the English *exclusif*, who must have

“Space for his lake, his park’s extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;”

for although the proud domains of the liberal part of the English aristocracy are not always shut against the public, and the “*sic vos non vobis*” of the Latin poet may be justly applied to them, they not the less occupy the soil which, if applied to agricultural purposes, might obviate the necessity of corn-laws, diminish the price of the staff of life, and afford sustenance to the half-starved population, doomed to witness the waste and dissipation of their opulent neighbours, the crumbs even from whose tables are often withheld from suffering humanity, by those who live upon our vitals.

But let us pursue our journey. When we arrived at the entrance of the celebrated valley which stretches for about nine miles towards the Seine, a scene opened upon us which is worth a journey from England to contemplate. It may, indeed, be called “the happy valley;” for here the industry of the mechanic and manufacturer is aided by nature in a degree scarcely found in any other part of the world. A stream, small but beautiful in its windings, puts in motion innumerable mills, where spinning and all the operations of the loom are in full activity. It is here that French taste has blended convenience with rural beauty; and the workshops and bleaching-fields are so contrived as to give the air of palaces to edifices in which the labours of thousands of workmen contribute to the welfare of their country. The sound of cheerful labour strikes the ear on every side, and a long line of vehicles of all classes announce the near approach to a populous and commercial city.

On leaving this interesting valley, and ascending the hill at its western extremity, we obtain the first view of the steeples of Rouen; the Seine winding on the right hand, through rich and romantic vales, and bearing on its lucid bosom vessels of all classes and nations; some striving against the stream with favouring wind, to gain the port, and others descending gaily to brave the dangers of the ocean; whilst in the distance a steam-boat, spreading its murky smoke around, and pursuing its course against the current, seemed to mock the labours of those dependent for their progress on the caprice of the elements. A striking emblem of human pursuits and human character! The steady laborious man plods through life with much difficulty, and often in vain attempts to stem the tide which sets against him. With all the prudence of experience, he tacks and veers, trims his sails, and anxiously watches to take advantage of every favourable breeze: but all his pains, perhaps, are unavailing, whilst some favourite of fortune, some steam-headed wight, *vapours* by him with exultation, and reaches his destination amid the plaudits of an unreflecting throng, from whom are concealed the *paddles*, without which he would lie a mere log on the waters.

Another half-hour brought us to Rouen. We passed the quais, where all our rattle and “circumstance” scarcely attracted a single glance from the multitudes employed about the shipping; and, after

threading the *rue-du-pont*, we arrived in safety at the *bureau des messageries royales*, where we descended with some difficulty from our elevated position, amid the bawlings of a host of runners from different hôtels, to solicit the honour of our company. "*L'hôtel de Londres!*" "*L'hôtel de Paris! l'hôtel du grand Roi d'Angleterre!*" and others, were sounded in our ears till we had gained a footing on *terra firma*, when one of these officious *commissionaires* seized a cloak, another a coat, another a portmanteau, with which they would have marched off in different directions, if I had not made a sign to an important personage, yclept a *gendarme*, who, by a single wave of his magic hand, stilled in an instant the raging of the wordy tempest. Stranger! whoever thou art, whether thou speak French or not, make but a sign to one of the *gendarmerie*, who are always in attendance on the arrival of a diligence, and it will avail thee more than the best French thou couldst ever learn in the very best French school of thy country, even by the patent systems. All was now quiet; but the imploring looks of the waiters, with their respective cards, held invitingly forward, spoke plainly, "*Donnez-nous la préférence, mes bons Messieurs! Venez chez-nous, de grâce!*"

Having at length secured our baggage on a barrow, and arranged with our conductor, I gave the word to march: "*A l'hôtel de Londres, mes amis!*" In a twinkling we were in motion, followed by a train of beggars, and were soon seated at the excellent table-d'hôte of madame Marc, at which we entreat our readers to leave us till next month, when, *Deo volente*, we will present them with further details of our rambles, shifting the scene, perhaps, to countries less known to English travellers, but more worthy of their notice.

I LOV'D THEE!

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

I lov'd thee when the rose bloom'd on thy cheek,
 And life's fair morn in glowing hope was dress'd;
 I lov'd thee more than words or tongue could speak,
 Thou wert my bosom's shrin'd and hallow'd guest!
 Say not, Oh! say not, Time can ever see
 My heart's true pulse forget to beat for thee.

I lov'd thee when the rose had fled thy cheek,
 And early grief planted the lily there;—
 I lov'd thee—and still dar'd that love to speak—
 When sorrow ting'd with snow thine auburn hair;
 Say not, oh! say not, Time did ever see
 My heart's true pulse less warmly beat for thee.

I lov'd thee in thy SPRING-time's blushing hour—
 I lov'd thee in thy SUMMER's ripen'd noon;
 I lov'd thee in the blossom, bud and flower—
 The tears of April—and the smiles of June!
 Fear not, then fear not, WINTRY hours will see
 The heart grow cold, that ever beats for thee!

BATHOS.
A ROMANTIC TALE.

“BATHOS, the art of sinking in poetry; the profound.”—*Johnson's Dictionary.*

WHEN a man has been earnestly pursuing any important investigation, whether metaphysical, scientific, or topographical, and has succeeded in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion;—that man, on that particular result, has an unquestionable right to be dogmatical: hence I do assert, with the firmness of one who has made up his mind after an extensive and pains-taking experience,—that the only locality for making love is Kensington gardens!

Shall I ever forget my first visit to those umbrageous shades?

“The last trace of feeling with life will depart,
Ere the charm of that moment shall pass from my heart.”

It was a lovely day. The sun shone brilliantly—the birds carolled merrily—the nursery-maids simpered bewitchingly! As I traversed the great walk, I felt the superlative consciousness of being *the* happiest fellow within the bills of mortality. I had just risen from a luncheon at the “Three-Compasses,” Bayswater, which, as I was going to drive out, was a slight one, a mere snack—three chops and a pint of sherry. In the exuberance of my content, I flung myself upon a garden-seat to moralize upon the satisfactory state of my mind. But who can philosophize without a cigar? I drew one from my case. “Blest,” thought I, “with the certainty of a present competency, and the contingency of a future independence,—with a rich aunt in promising ill-health—a case of the finest Havannahs ever imported from Houndsditch—and a portable tinder-box that never misses fire—how *could* I be unhappy? Pleasure has “marked me for her own”—who shall remove the broad arrow of felicity?

Vain question! Delusive dream of delight! I was just lighting my third cigar, when, at the end of a long avenue, my eyes caught A FORM! and from that moment to the end of the next three weeks I was doomed to misery!

No philosopher, from Pythagoras down to Sir Richard Philips, has ever yet accounted for the properties of the loadstone. When that discovery is made, I am inclined to the opinion that an intimate connection will be found to exist between it and the human affections. Some extraordinary attractive influence I certainly felt on beholding THE FORM. For as the figure approached me I was irresistibly impelled towards it; and as our contiguity increased, so did my agitation

When my vision was enabled to comprehend the entire fascinations of the angelic form, I was seized with a kind of ethereal intoxication—invigorated with one intense gush of passion:—an indivisible sensation of unadulterated love! We met! and I was rivetted to the spot—stark as a corpse—immutable as the duke of York's column. At length, completely overcome, I sank exhausted into a seat beside me.

Alarmed by my extreme agitation, the figure stopped also—turned upon me a look in which pity struggled with sympathy and actually became my neighbour in the settle! My feelings at this moment were inconceivable! and, but for a few vigorous whiffs, I am persuaded that both my life and my cigar would have been simultaneously extinguished!

How shall I describe the being who sat beside me? Words—pshaw! The most perfect symbols bodied forth in the superlatively superfine vocabulary of an excited and fanciful imagination, would be inadequate—useless!

At first the vivid radiance of **THE FORM** blinded me to all around; but I at length gained sufficient strength of vision for a lengthened gaze. Heavens! **THE FORM** uttered a sound—it spoke!

Yes! it turned upon me an enquiring glance; then raising its super-cerulean orbs towards the firmament, in a voice compared with which the music of the spheres is but as the drone of a bagpipe, it said (powers of pleasure, ministering angels of rapture, record it as I write!)—"D'ye think it will rain, Sir?"

I took my cigar from my mouth, and, by one other effort of visual determination, actually ascertained that which my hitherto excruciating agitation had prevented me from knowing: **THE FORM** was that of a woman!

"A lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion,
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean."

When all traces of this astonishingly unexpected discovery had left me, I became sufficiently calm to answer the sublime interrogatory. "Madam," I replied, "I really can't say; the weather is changeable, and—" "Changeable!" she repeated; while passion fired her eye with a rapid flash of poetical enthusiasm—"this world is nought but change—man, woman, beasts, birds, insects—nay, even flowers are variable! Behold that plant—" she continued, pointing to a deadly-lively butter-cup before us—"yesterday 'twas fresh and blooming—now drooping—withered. So with the human heart. To-day light, gay, exulting; to-morrow care-worn, cankered, blasted! "Man is born to trouble," says Byron, "as sparks fly upward."

Instinctively I knocked the ashes from my cigar, by way of illustration.

"Aye, Sir, and woman too," resumed the indefatigable angel—then, with a sigh that cracked my very heart-strings, she said,—

"I have my miseries, heaven knows. I—who was born with a daring ambition to be numbered with that congiary of female master-spirits—that constellation of concentrated essences—that congregation of congiary geniuses :—The Cornwell Baron Wilsons, the Lady Blessingtons, and Honourable Mrs. Nortons—'am doomed,' as Mary-Anne Browne says, 'to blush unseen' and wither neglected like yonder flower!"

A flood of tears came to the afflicted fair-one's relief.

"Pardon me," she resumed, applying the corner of a cambric handkerchief to the corners of her eyes, "pardon me, gentle stranger, for intruding upon you the sorrows of my afflicted bosom, and pity me. We shall possibly never meet again. Take this," she continued, placing something in my hand (which, in the ecstasy of the moment, I thrust into the waistcoat-pocket nearest my heart). "It might serve hereafter to draw a tear of sympathy for the sorrows of Morgiana Marianna Madeline de Montmorency. Adieu! Adieu Adieu!"

Like a swan on the waters, my divinity rose to depart. As she threaded the flowery mazes of Kensington,

"Her step seem'd to pity the grass it press'd."

On arriving at my friend's to dinner, he failed not to remark the unusual depression of my spirits.

"Dick," said he, while decapitating the sixth bottle of Champagne, "You are disgracefully solid to-day. You arn't in love, are you?"

The question came upon me like a thunderclap. I was confused—overwhelmed, and gulped down three consecutive tumblers of Guinness's "bang-up," to conceal my agitation.

"Ah! I see how it is," said Joe in his own peculiarly soothing manner. "What a thundering fool you must be. Come, lad, here's the punch—drink."

"'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, ah! 'tis more sincere!"

I obeyed, and after finishing that and another bowl, we topped off with brandy-and-water, and I departed.

While pacing Oxford-street I became conscious that the whirlwind of passion which lately agitated my breast had made me extremely exhausted. As the hurricane, in its ruthless course, forces from their basins streams and rivers; so had the tempest of my feelings left me inconveniently dry. An anti-hydrophobic desire for fluid tormented my glottis; and, provided it were diluted with a *q. s.* of brandy, I could have drunk even—water!

With the fidgetty restlessness of a thirsty person, I thrust my hand into my waistcoat-pocket, and, curiously enough, tore my glove against the corner of a card. I found it to be a tavern-card—a sort of general invitation to dinner and wine :—"Clarence Hotel."

Nothing could have been more *à-propos*, and it was not long ere I found myself in a neat private-house-looking tavern. "Here," thought I, "can I indulge my sorrows in solitude;" for except a

gentleman in top-boots, Belcher handkerchief, and Petersham coat, I was the only customer.

On ringing the bell, a ghostly attenuated foreigner appeared, towel in hand.

"Waiter," said I, "bring me a tumbler of punch!"

"We have no *paunch*, Sare!" replied the *garçon*

"So I perceive," I remarked, trying to count his ribs, "Let me have some port."

The fellow opened the door—I heard a voice—again, I trembled with passion—'twas the same music as that which enchanted me in Kensington Gardens! The soft, thrilling notes were not to be mistaken—I listened in an agony of suspense. The words were these:

"Vell, mother, how can I keep the bailiffs off? I've gone my hardest. Didn't I try it on with a kiddy in the gardens this morning? I tipped him a card, and he may come and do the handsome yet, for he's a regular spoon and a half!!!"

I could hear no more—my feelings were wound up to a pitch of intensity, that left me nothing but the power of running away. Of this I availed myself, and rushed onward until I sank exhausted on the steps of a doctor's shop.

I was taken into the surgery, where the whole truth flashed upon me in one vivid, piercing gleam:—the sentimental card-distributor was no other than "the goddess of my idolatry"—"the bright particular star of Kensington Garden." These thoughts, acting like lightning upon a sensitive mind, produced visible traces upon my person; my visage became livid as the ash of an Havannah; my lips blue as a lobster, and the agony of my mind caused such contortions in my features, that I was unhesitatingly pronounced a decided case of cholera! This was too much. I heard no more—my senses left me.

* * * * *

On awakening, I called to my valet for some hock. The villain did not answer. I tried to reach the bell; it was not there. I fumbled for my repeater—that had vanished. Heavens, I was in a strange bed—I called out, I roared. To my inexpressible relief, I heard footsteps approach, and soon a large man in a large coat, knee-breeches, and ancle-jacks, approached me.

"Vy hallo! my *swell*," said the rascal, "vhat coach did you come by?"

"Confusion!"

"I s'pose you are Peg Mol Percy's fancy cove. Eh, my tiny one?"

"Furies!"

"'Nough to make a cove furious—she's bilked you this time most properly." And then, with the grin of a demon, the wretch added. "Where's your togs, my flick?" Why, she arn't even left your kickseys. Here I say, Bob," he bawled over the stairs, "Here's a gemman in bed, and I'm blowed if old mother Mol Percy and her darter hav'nt priggged his togs. Can't ve lend him a blanket?"

"I should think not," said a good-natured voice from below.

"But the kiddy's werry *hill*."

"He can't have nothin' without he leaves the *valley*."

"Here, I never likes to be hard," said my new companion, turning to me, "Chuck this ere blanket over yourself, and paddle."

"Paddle?"

"Aye! morris! Cut your stick. Cause *you* arn't down in the *inventory*."

"Inventory? Where, where am I?"

"Where are you? Vhy, in the Clarence Hotel, vhat's took in *hexecution* for nineteen pound six and a tanner!"

Enveloped in the proffered blanket, I procured a hackney-coach, and was jolted home. Some days afterwards, I learnt that the infernal card found in my pocket directed the people in the doctor's shop to the place I had rushed from with such horror, and there I was deposited.

What could have made me so infatuated with the heroine of Kensington Gardens? Was it her beauty? No, she was decidedly plain! Was it the pint of sherry and mutton chops? No, that was my usual luncheon, and would have operated in the same manner before. It was the locality—the place—the scene. Hence I ever have, and ever will maintain to the last extremity, "that the only place for falling in love is Kensington Gardens."

UDOLPHO.

[The first part of this paper, which is ingenious enough, induced us to publish it. It is however objectionable towards the end. There can be no excuse for the vulgar expressions of some of the characters. We hope Udolpho will in future purify his style.—ED.]

SONNET.

ALONE upon the beach I see thee stand;
 The Wind is in his cradle, and the Sun
 Laughs on the tides that ripple as they run,
 Glancing ten thousand smiles from sea to strand;
 The brawling waves are hurrying on to land
 With jealous haste to kiss thy heedless feet;
 And many a white sail droops its flagging sheet
 Scarce by the sleepy breeze to motion fann'd.
 Thine eye meanwhile o'er all the pomp of heav'n
 Roaming, on nought around thee rests its ray;
 And thy fond thoughts are lingering—far away—
 With him to whom thy plighted love is given!
 And I—must watch thee nurse the joyous dream,
 Yet wear a "smile" and be—aught but the thing I seem.

T.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Drama Vindicated, with Copious Notes, by JOHN DENMAN, Esq., S. C. L. of St. John's College, Cambridge. W. H. Smith, Cambridge; W. Strange, Paternoster Row, London. 18mo., pp. 120.

A GREAT part of this little volume is devoted to a sketch of the rise and uses of the drama in different countries, even amongst the "solitary savage islanders" of the southern ocean; and in the notes are numerous extracts from Latin and Greek authors to elucidate the writer's observations, which, if not altogether original, are, in many respects, just. In his account of the English stage he has drawn largely on black-lettered lore, and particularised the different kinds of scenic representations in use among our ancestors, as far back as the reign of Henry II.; noticing the principal authors, managers, and performers of later years; and commenting on the changes which at various periods have taken place in theatrical establishments.

Mr. Denman contends that the stage is only secondary to the church in the propagation of sound morality and virtuous ideas. Let him speak for himself:—

"I have no doubt but that dramatic compositions, and particularly that most elevated of human productions, tragedy, are amply calculated to effect this 'devoutly wished-for end,' since the public exhibition of these have been singularly recommended as highly conducive to the cause of virtue by both the most learned and truly pious authorities of modern as well as ancient times * * * *. The utility of the stage, then, we perceive, is two-fold. Precept is illustrated by example. It will avail its bitterest calumniators little or nothing to preach that its ends are not answered: this is a direct falsity—they are answered in the main * * *. The drama, moreover, is amply capable of being turned to very powerful account as a political engine," &c.

The author then animadvert strongly on the late management of the two winter theatres, and observes of them that "though their names are *winter*, their process is *summery*" (a species of wit which smells strongly of the green-room); and referring to the Literary Gazette (bless the oracle!) for further information on the *wintery* subject. Turning now to the introduction on English boards of French plays and Italian operas, and to the badness of the actors employed in English dramas, Mr. D. calls them "barn-like," and offers the authority of the *Times* newspaper and his old friend of the "*Literary*" in confirmation of the justness of the epithet.

Whether their acting be "barn-like" or not, the assertion, we can vouch for it, is rather *Barnes*-like; and in this, we conceive, our "literary friend" will agree with us, and chuckle besides at the brightness of our joke, so much in the manner of the bright *calembour* above quoted.

But as to the French plays and Italian operas, we cannot, by any means, agree with the author of the "*Vindication*," and his allies; for, from our very hearts, we like French plays when well selected, and Italian operas when well performed;—the first showing us human nature in another guise, and the second assisting to mature a taste for good music in this country, which, for many years, has been much wanted. The only objection we have to either is the extravagant salaries paid to foreign *artistes*, and the consequent expense of attending their performances, which the late winter-managers had wisely obviated by giving access to the public at the ordinary prices of admission.

We sincerely believe that one great cause of the innovations on the regular practice of the theatres was the pretension of a few of the principal histrions to such exorbitant salaries, as to leave no prospect of profit in the exhibition of plays wherein alone their peculiar talents might be made available. The high-salary system, and the constant repetition of stock-pieces, having tired out the play-going community, led to the bankruptcies of Price and others, who might have sustained their credit by greater economy in some respects, and by better treatment of secondary performers, whose talents Price, in particular, was never able to appreciate.

In approving, however, of the introduction of foreign dramas on our stage, we must not be understood to mean the wretched translations of the most mischievous of them, which have found a too ready admission to the *repertoires* of nearly all our theatres. The whole of the trash of the *Porte-St.-Martin*, and of the lowest theatres of Paris, has been dressed up in flimsy English habiliments by the numerous penny-a-line purveyors who pander to the vitiated taste of the galleries, and are gladly accepted, at a bread-and-cheese price, by the grasping manager. Against these let every father, every guardian of the honour and virtue of the rising generation, hold up his hand. There are dramas enough, of a harmless kind, in store, to produce the wished-for variety; and we would make every manager responsible for the pernicious effects of the scenes of immorality which he exhibits. If the public licenser cannot, or will not, do his duty, in this respect, the society for the suppression of vice should be on the alert, and for once attack the *wolf* instead of the *mouse*.

We might say much more on these heads, if the space allowed for this article were not so circumscribed. We are obliged to take leave, therefore, of Mr. D. rather abruptly, observing *en passant* that, with a great display of learned quotations, not very accurately printed, he has done very little in "Vindication of the Drama;" and we hope that, in his next attempt to make himself useful to the public, he will hit on a subject more likely to employ to advantage the portion of reading and erudition which he seems to possess. The Dedication to Mr. Macready should have been better written. It is obscure and faulty. Mr. M., as a scholar and a gentleman, and as the son of a very worthy man, whose memory we love to cherish, deserves a better offering. If the work should run to a second edition, we would recommend Mr. Denman, who is probably a young man, to cast his eye over the latter part of the said Dedication.

Noble Deeds of Woman. Hookham, Bond Street.

THIS record of the noblest deeds of the noblest women is one of the most interesting volumes we have for some time perused. It presents a faithful picture of the greatness of soul which actuates the breast of woman when placed in circumstances of danger, temptation, or privation; and these examples—selected with care from the lives of eminent females—should be placed in the hands of every daughter, of every wife. The "Noble Deeds of Woman" are not, however, confined to those performed by beings whose actions have become celebrated; woman, in almost every station, exhibits a greater nobility of sentiment, more earnestness of purpose, and more promptitude of action than man; and we are persuaded that it only requires the opportunity—the chance of being placed in circumstances demanding the highest powers of intellect, self-sacrifice, and mental courage, for many women, moving in their own humble unassuming stations—to become as celebrated as many heroines instanced in the excellent work before us.

We could make many highly interesting extracts; but will not disturb such a well-arranged and lovely *bouquet* by taking one flower from its place. Hence we must, with no little confidence and pleasure, refer our readers to the book itself.

Lays for Light Hearts ; Songs, &c. By J. E. CARPENTER, Author of "Random Rhymes," &c. Willoughby, Goswell Street.

THIS book will greatly add to Mr. Carpenter's reputation as an Author. It has seldom fallen to our duty to peruse a more agreeable little volume ; for, though put forth without pretensions, it exhibits an agreeable miscellany of wit and satire. The author has not only made himself conversant with the passions of his own sex, but has probed the hearts of the fairer portion of the other, whose vanities and petty foibles he forcibly, though good humouredly, exposes.

We have to contrast with these some minor poems of a serious cast, and a variety of ballads which, he mentions, were written as mere vehicles for music, but which he underrates ; for among them are several touching and elegant compositions.

We regret that our limits preclude us from extracting a comic article—however, we select the following, which, though of a grave tendency, is not the less calculated to amuse.

DEATH.

THOU comest when the flowers
Of Spring are on the ground,
'Mid Winter's ice-crowned towers
There also art thou found ;
A phantom amid pleasure,
Earth's fairest buds to blight,
To wrap Hope's infant treasure
In everlasting night.

Thou dwellest by the fountain,
Thou lurkest in the air,
The valley and the mountain,
DEATH ! thou art ev'rywhere !
All own alike thy power,
The fruit, the flower, the tree,
Each wither in an hour
Subservient to thee.

Yet many in thy keeping,
Whom sorrow hath oppress'd,
Are now all calmly sleeping
Upon thy bridegroom breast :
Then, "Death, where is thy sting ?"
Thy vict'ry, Grave, how won ?
*Thou slayest all, grim King ;
Oh, Death ! thou sparest none.*

We are bound, however, as candid critics, to confess that the two concluding lines of the last verse perfectly contradict the idea intimated, rather than expressed, in the six preceding ones. We conceive what the author intended to say—but he has failed totally in making his idea clearly understood by the general reader. Let him look to this in future—'tis the carelessness of youthful authorship.

The Linwoods, or Sixty Years since in America. By Miss SEDGWICK. Churton, Holles Street.

ALTHOUGH the authoress of "Hopeleslie," "Redwood," and "The Linwoods," does not, as a novelist, possess the untiring activity of Cooper, the

broad humour of Paulding, or such sudden bursts of keen, vivacious satire, as emitted by Mrs. Trollope; yet she is held, by the transatlantic public, with great justice, in higher esteem than her American literary competitors. Her novels are imbued with an irresistible charm, the charm of truth, and, by consequence, its never-failing companion—that of sympathy. Without the superfine, metaphysical process of minutely scrutinizing and portraying the secret mechanism, the various movements and phases of the human heart, Miss Sedgwick exhibits at once, and without seeming effort, the “open secret” of our affections and impulses, in a manner so *quiet*—though not the less unerring—as must engage the sympathies of every reader, be they ever so homely. Moreover, her characters are evidently not the creations of imagination; but actual studies from the great “life academy” of nature. We find, in the novel before us, no exaggerations of fact, in no one instance a departure from probability, but an easy, calm, and no less interesting flow of events, presenting a more healthy, nay, greater source of excitement to the “reading public,” than the sudden transitions or “remarkable events” embodied by the great “wizard of the north” himself.

The title of the book, “Sixty Years Since,” immediately refers its readers to the commencement of the American struggle for independence—a retrospect peculiarly favourable to the novelist, and of which the authoress of the *Linwoods* has availed herself judiciously and effectively. We shall present our readers with an extract, affording a peculiarly favourable specimen of the description of talent we have given Miss Sedgwick credit for; as also one of the easy unobtrusive humour she possesses. It describes the parting of Eliot Lee from his family, his village friends, and the home of his childhood, on starting to volunteer in the cause of his country.

“A fine black saddle-horse, well equipped, was at the door. Little Fanny Lee stood by him, patting him, and laying her head, with its shining flaxen locks, to his side—‘Rover,’ she said, with a trembling voice, ‘be a good Rover—won’t you? and, when the naughty regulars come, canter off with Eliot as fast as you can.’

“‘Hey! that’s fine!’ retorted her brother, a year younger than herself. ‘No, no, Rover, canter up to them, and over them, and never dare to canter back here if you turn tail on them, Rover.’

“‘Oh, Sam! how awful; would you have Eliot killed?’

“‘No, indeed, but I had rather he’d come deused near it than to have him a coward.’

“‘Don’t talk so loud, Sam—Bessie will hear you.’

“But the young belligerent was not to be silenced. He threw open the ‘dwelling-room’ door, to appeal to Eliot himself. The half-uttered sentence died away on his lips. He entered the apartment, Fanny followed; they gently closed the door, drew their footstools to Eliot’s feet, and quietly sat down there. How instinctive is the sympathy of children! how plain, and yet how delicate its manifestations!

“Bessie was sitting beside her brother, her head on his shoulder, and crying as if her heart went out with every sob. The youngest boy, Hal, sat on Eliot’s knee, with one arm around his neck, his cheek lying on Bessie’s, dropping tear after tear, sighing, and half-wondering why it was so.

“The good mother had arrived at that age when grief rather congeals the spirit than melts it. Her lips were compressed, her eyes tearless, and her movements tremulous. She was busying herself in the last offices, doing up parcels, taking last stitches, and performing those services that seem to have been assigned to women as safety-valves for their effervescing feelings.

“A neat table was spread with ham, bread, sweetmeats, cakes, and every delicacy the house afforded—all were untasted. Not a word was heard, except such broken sentences as ‘Come, Bessie, I will promise to be good if you will to be happy!’

"Eliot, how easy for you—how impossible for me!"

"Dear Bessie, do be firmer, for mother's sake. For ever! oh no, my dear sister, it will not be very long before I return to you; and while I am gone, you must be every thing to mother."

"I! I never was good for any thing, Eliot—and now——"

"Bessie, my dear child, hush—you have been—you always will be a blessing to me. Don't put any anxious thoughts into Eliot's mind—we shall do very well without him."

"Noble, disinterested mother!" trembled on Eliot's lips; but he suppressed words that might imply reproach to Bessie.

"The sacred scene was now broken in upon by some well-meaning but untimely visitors. Eliot's approaching departure had created a sensation in Westbrook; the good people of that rustic place not having arrived at the refined stage in the progress of society when emotion and fellow-feeling are not expressed, or expressed only by certain conventional forms. First entered Master Hale, with Miss Sally Ryal. Master Hale 'hoped it was no intrusion;' and Miss Sally answered, 'by no means; she had come to lend a helping hand, and not to intrude'—whereupon she bustled about, helped herself and her companion to chairs, and unsettled every body else in the room. Mrs. Lee assumed a more tranquil mien; poor Bessie suppressed her sobs, and withdrew to a window, and Eliot tried to look composed and manly. The children, like springs relieved from a pressure, reverted to their natural state, dashed off their tears, and began whispering among themselves. Miss Sally produced from her workbag a comforter for Mr. Eliot, of her own knitting, which she 'trusted would keep out the cold and rheumatism;' and she was kindly showing him how to adjust it, when she spied a chain of braided hair around his neck—'Ah, ha, Mr. Eliot, a love token!' she exclaimed."

"Yes, it is," said little Fanny, who was watching her proceedings; "Bessie and I cut locks of hair from all the children's heads and mother's, and braided it for him; and I guess it will warm his bosom more than your comforter will, Miss Sally."

"It was evident, from the look of ineffable tenderness Eliot turned on Fanny, that he 'guessed' so too; but he nevertheless received the comforter graciously, hinting, that a lady who had been able to protect her own bosom from the most subtle enemy, must know how to defend another's from common assaults. Miss Sally hemmed, looked at Master Hale, muttered something of her not always having been invulnerable; and finally succeeded in recalling to Eliot's recollection a tradition of a love-passage between Miss Sally and the pedagogue."

"A little girl now came trotting in, with 'grandmother's love, and a phial of her mixture for Mr. Eliot—good against camp-distemper and the like."

"Eliot received the mixture as if he had all grandmother's faith in it, slipped a bright shilling into the child's hand for a keepsake, kissed her rosy cheek, and set her down with the children."

"Visitors now began to throng. One man in a green old age, who had lost a leg at Bunker's Hill, came hobbling in, and clapping Eliot on the shoulder, said, 'This is you, my boy! This is what I wanted to see your father's son a-doing: I'd go too, if the rascals had left me both my legs. Cheer up, widow, and thank the Lord you've got such a son to offer up to your country—the richer the gift, the better the giver, you know; but I don't wonder you feel kind o' qualmish at the thoughts of losing the lad. Come, Master Hale, can't you say something? A little bit of Greek, or Latin, or 'most any thing, to keep up their *sperits* at the last gasp, as it were.'

"I was just going to observe, Major Avery, to Mrs. Lee, respecting our esteemed young friend, Mr. Eliot, that I, who have known him from the beginning, as it were, having taught him his alphabet, which may be said to

be the first round of the ladder of learning (which he has mounted by my help), or rather (if you will allow me, ma'am, to mend my figure) the poles that support all the rounds; having had, as I observed, a primordial acquaintance with him, I can testify that he is worthy every honourable adjective in the language, and we have every reason to hope that his future tense will be as perfect as his past.'

"'Wheugh!' exclaimed the major, 'a pretty long march you have had through that speech!'

"The good schoolmaster, quite unruffled, proceeded to offer Eliot a time-worn Virgil; and finished by expressing his hopes that 'he would imitate Cæsar in maintaining his studies in the camp, and keep the scholar even-handed with the soldier.'

"Eliot charmed the old pedagogue, by assuring him that he should be more apt at imitating Cæsar's studies than his soldiership, and himself bestowed Virgil in his portmanteau.

"A good lady now stepped forth, and seeming somewhat scandalised that, as she said, 'no serious truth had been spoken at this peculiar season,' she concluded a technical exhortation by giving Eliot a pair of stockings, into which she had wrought St. Paul's description of the Gospel armour. 'The Scripture,' she feared, did not often find its way to the camp; and she thought a passage might be blessed, as a single kernel of wheat, even sowed among tares, sometimes produced its like.'

"Eliot thanked her, and said, 'it was impossible to have too much of the best thing in the world; but he hoped she would have less solicitude about him, when he assured her that his mother had found place for a pocket Bible in his portmanteau.'

"A meek-looking creature now stole up to Mrs. Lee, and, putting a roll of closely-compressed lint into her hand, said, 'tuck it in with his things, Miss Lee. Don't let it scare you—I trust he will dress other people's wounds, not his own, with it.—My! that will come natural to him. It's made from the shirt Mr. Eliot stripped from himself, and tore into bandages for my poor Sam, that time he was scalt. Mr. Eliot was a boy then, but he has the same heart now.'

"Mrs. Lee dropped a tear on the lint, as she stowed it away in the closely-packed portmanteau."

We cannot resist quoting an anecdote of the hero of the above cleverly depicted scene, related of him during his introductory visit to General Washington. It is amusing and characteristic.

"'Ah, my boy!' said the colonel, determined to tell his tale out, 'you may say that—there's no courage like that that comes by *natur*, gin'ral;—he stood within two feet of me, as straight as a tomb-stone, when, a spent ball bounding near him, he caught it in his hands, just as if he'd been playing wicket, and said, 'you may throw down your bat, my boys; I've caught you out!' Was not that metal?'"

We cannot close these volumes without especially commending the great propriety of diction they display; we never read a work of this class exhibiting so much care and aptitude in the style: hence each sentiment is conveyed with a degree of force and elegance rarely equalled. May we attribute this high qualification to Miss Sedgwick's evident *penchant* for Shakspeare? Her quotations are frequent, and seem, in some instances, quite involuntary.

The History of Justin Martyr, and other Poems. By RICHARD CHEREVIX FRENCH, perpetual Curate of Curdridge Chapel, Hants. London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1835. pp. 185.

THIS is a volume of considerable talent and poetic taste. The subjects which

our author has chosen are, all of them, deeply interesting. The story of Justin is treated in a skilful manner, and will not, we think, be deemed voiceless or songless,

“ But musical as is Apollo's lute.”

Let us take his lines addressed to England, however, at page 38, as a specimen of the whole:—

ENGLAND.

“ Peace, Freedom, Happiness, have loved to wait
On the fair islands, fenced by circling seas,
And ever of such favoured spots as these
Have the wise dreamers dreamed, that would create
That perfect model of a happy state,
Which the world never saw. Oceana,
Utopia such, and Plato's isle that lay
Westward of Gades, and the Great Sea's gate.
Dreams are they all, which yet have helped to make
That underneath fair polities we dwell,
Though marred in part by envy, faction, hate,
Dreams, which are dear, dear England for thy sake,
Who art indeed that sea-girt citadel,
And nearest image of that perfect state.”

There are other short poems of equal beauty and interest, to which, however, we can only refer the reader. The volume is well got up; and Mr. Moxon's name adds to its respectability.

The Natural History of Man. London, William Darton & Son, Holborn Hill. pp. 288 duodecimo, half-bound and lettered.

A **VERY** interesting and clever book. In short, it needs, as has been well observed, but little reflection in order to be convinced not only of the utility, but of the importance, of a work which shall place the knowledge of our own species on a level with that which we possess of most other living beings. This knowledge is only to be acquired with the same attention, and on the same plan of reasoned analysis and classification, which has been employed on other divisions of Natural History. Man's higher place in the scale of creation ought surely to be a sufficient incitement to us to pursue such an investigation as is contained in this charming publication.

The volume is neatly printed, and the wood-engravings tolerably well done; but the work has been issued without the date of the year. The map which accompanies it, showing the boundaries of the five varieties of the human race, is, we think, unworthy of the Publisher.

The Geographical and Biographical Compendium, containing Concise Memoirs of Illustrious Persons; a Gazetteer of Remarkable Places; and forming not only a useful Class-book for Juvenile Students, but a Key to the Author's Geographical Questions and Exercises. By RICHARD CHAMBERS, F. L. S. Sherwood and Co. 1835.

A **VERY** useful compilation, and one, we suspect, which must find its way into the library and the counting-house, as well as the schools, in a very short time. As a book of reference, we have not one superior or equal to it.

The Family Library. No. LIII., containing the Life and Times of General Washington. By CYRUS R. EDMONDS, in two Volumes. Vol. I. London, Thomas Tegg and Son. 1835, pp. 365.

EVERY book published by Mr. Tegg has proved (with very few exceptions) not only meritorious, but *utilitarian*. It must be confessed, also, that by means of such useful publications as the one before us, mankind must go on to improve in the historical and intellectual as well as the moral and social qualities.

The life of the American patriot and statesman, Washington, will, we think, prove a desideratum. It has evidently been drawn up with great care, and undeviating strictness, both as it respects facts and data. We have no room for extracts, nor do we think the work requires any. It will soon become popular, and estimated according to its merits, which we incline to think well of. It will be at once seen that General Washington's Life and Times will furnish also an outline of the history of America.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Smith, Elder, and Co., London. 1835.

THIS is a neat and well-appointed little book, well calculated to amuse and instruct boys and girls. We have literally read several of the short histories which it contains, and have no hesitation in saying that they are not only well-written, but amusing and instructive. The Visit to Manchester, together with the brief memoir of Tarquinius Superbus, the seventh and last king of Rome, are among the best.

The Cabinet Cyclopedia. By Dr. LARDNER, &c. &c. History. Vol. II. Longman and Co., London. pp. 341.

EVERY succeeding part of this popular and successful series demonstrates the utility of the whole, and proves the efficiency of the talents that have been brought within a comparatively narrow compass, for the express purpose of giving to the Literary and Scientific a "comprehensive library" so inexpensive, yet so admirably suited to the wants and tastes of the nineteenth century, that we imagine few persons of condition will be found to be without the Cabinet Cyclopedia. Dr. Lardner's name is a tower of strength; and the publishers, Messrs. Longman and Co., afford us a further assurance that the work will be finished as it was begun—respectably, and without any abatement of style or merit. There is something in that.

The present part, or volume, consisting of a treatise on the arts, manufactures, manners, and institutions of the Greeks and Romans, will prove highly interesting. Both the scholar and the philosopher will, we feel assured, prize the contents of this new issue of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia very highly.

A Treatise on the Causes and Cure of Stuttering, with reference to certain Modern Theories. By JAMES WRIGHT, Esq., late of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, &c. &c. London: Whittaker and Co. 1835.

THIS Essay will be read with considerable interest. Mr. Wright has given us not only an explanatory, but a long, able, and interesting treatise. We cannot refrain from quoting the following, at page 17.

"I am strongly inclined to believe, that if due consideration be given to the true, philosophical nature of mutes, and to the effects of those actions of the

tongue which immediately precede and accompany the utterance of all vowels, and every vowel, which, with much propriety, may be called vowel prefixes,—and also, if some little attention be paid to the genuine quality of accents and the inflections of the voice,—then a clear explanation of the causes of stuttering, and an easy and permanent method of instruction and discipline for the cure of stuttering, would be firmly established.”

Views in Switzerland, by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M. D., illustrated in a series of Views taken expressly for the work by W. H. Bartlett, Esq. London, Virtue, 1835.

WE have just been favoured with a copy of Part XV. of this splendid work, containing four quarto plates and sixteen pages of letter-press. The subject of these plates inspires the mind with awe towards the Creator, for scenery calculated at once to delight the Painter, inspire the Poet, and humble the Christian, while contemplating the mere outlines of His wondrous works.

THE ARTS.

WE have paid another visit to Mr. Daniell's panorama of hunting and ensnaring the wild elephants of Ceylon, since we last noticed it, and, with the many, we cannot but acknowledge ourselves greatly indebted to him for the information he has brought us from a distant part of the globe. We are not only informed, but are most agreeably entertained, by this mode of treating a subject which the proportion of a picture would not admit of; and, although the scale in the present instance is rather limited (a circumstance unavoidable, as a larger room was not to be obtained), it nevertheless possesses space sufficient for the artist to depict all that could be wished, and it has been done in a most effective manner. It is evident, from the freedom with which it is executed, that Mr. Daniell was perfectly master of every part of his subject. The huge animals, the figures of the natives, the trees and plants, the scenery, all appear to be rendered with a facility and a truth, that perfectly satisfies us. It is all in unison and harmony, and evidently painted by one hand. For when many are engaged on the same work, it is probable that an imperfect whole will be produced. The artist who feels the value of every feature introduced upon his canvass, and can execute it himself, is most likely to produce that, which will draw the public attention to his labours; and we understand that the proprietor of the work in question is gratified by the notice which has been taken of it, much exceeding his expectations. On the subject of panorama painting, we may, perhaps, make further mention, in our future Numbers.

NOTES AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

MUNICIPAL REJOICING.—The good people of Scarborough (that town, once so fashionably famous, now so capriciously neglected) were quite beside themselves on receiving the news of the Corporation Bill (such as it was) having become right earnest law of the land; and nothing short of a bonfire could attest at once their burning hatred of borough abuses, and their gratitude for the besom now placed in their hands. "Several loads of furze," says *the Chronicle*, "were speedily provided, to aid which five or six boats from the harbour were carried, shoulder high, and thrown into the flames. These latter (one of which admeasured upwards of twenty tons) were given by the liberal party, and being ignited, had an imposing effect." To burn the very craft in the harbour for joy bespeaks an intensity of patriotism on the part of the Scarborough liberals, which is equalled only by the liberality of the gift! Think of a whole squadron of colliers leaving their native element, and navigating the streets of Scarborough, borne "shoulders high," by triumphant Tritons, even up to the very market cross! why the transit of Burnham wood was as nothing, in comparison. Did such a circumstance ever come within the circle of Mother Shipton's prophecies? It is problematical. To ignite a fleet of boats by way of an *Io triumph*! why, let but the destruction of knavery in Britain be sufficiently extensive, and the people, in their exultation, might make firewood of the entire navy. It is by no means impossible, when the city of London shall, by-and-by, be made participant in the advantages of the New Bill, that the reformers, fired by enthusiasm, may actually make an attempt on the Thames itself. Such an event has long been threatened, for surely, next to burning boats for joy, must come the conflagration of the waters whereon they float! Is Kentish incendiarism so bad, after all? May it not arise from a spirit of patriotism, and joyousness of feeling?—a warmth of heart, and burning zeal—a heated but mistaken imagination?

What a rare borough must Scarborough be! What devotion to freedom on the part of her new freemen! it makes one kindle to think of it. A lucky thing it was that the worshipful mayor and aldermen were not near the harbour that day, else surely they would have had a narrow escape from incineration themselves.

SPORTING PARSONS.—In the certificate-list of shooters, in the County of Derby, there are *thirty* with the word "reverend" attached to their names; in the Yorkshire list, there are *ninety-three*; so say the newspapers. If any body would take the trouble to count all the county-lists in Great Britain, a goodly aggregate of divine Sportsmen would no doubt be shown. Strange propensity! The use of the gun, by the way, seems peculiarly to delight some of our

clergy ; to bag a covey of English partridges, or of Irish peasants,* when the season permits, would seem to be a sport of exquisite relish to them. How inconsonant with the duties of a minister of the Gospel does this appear ! but to doubt its propriety does not, of course, become us of the laity. Such practices must be right, or they would not be countenanced by vigilant diocesans. Why, so engrossed are the minds of some reverend parsons, upon the subject of gunnery, that it was but a month or two since the patent list actually contained the name of one holy gentleman, to whom the king's monopoly had been granted for "certain improvements" in the manufacture of fire-arms ! Only think of a minister of the Protestant religion, engaged in the composition of his Sunday's homily to breathe of universal charity and peace, with a mind disturbed by bright crotchets about weapons of murder ; penning a paragraph of Samaritan gentleness, and anon sketching mechanical diagrams for the more perfect destruction of animal life ; trying to save a soul one minute and to destroy a body the next, and in each instance with the greatest possible amount of efficacy ! The notion would be droll, were it not for the shuddering. Is it surprising that scepticism should sometimes—but, Satan, get thee behind us !

CLERICAL DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, in a letter repudiating the offensive doctrines contained in Dens's Theology, which "the Exeter Hall mountebanks" have so industriously laboured to fix upon his concurrence, takes occasion to declare, with reference to a point of date, that he "was not then a bishop, but engaged in the duties of the *more meritorious office of a working curate* !" What will the right reverend the orthodox bench say to this anti-episcopal avowal ? Is a "working curate" a more meritorious member of a church establishment than a bishop ? We may soon expect to hear *C. J. London* referring to the period of his more meritorious labours, when he was engaged in the translation of *Æschylus* ; or Dr. Phillpotts, to the days of his political pamphleteering. We live in strange times.

GIN AND BITTERS.—A few days since, a drunken wretch, in petticoats, called a woman, was brought before the magistrates, and convicted of breaking three guineas' worth of glass in a gin palace, because the landlord declined to supply her with a surfeit of Bailey and Hodges. It appeared that this species of smashing is a habit of hers. She had repeatedly suffered (?) imprisonment for similar frolics, and, indeed, had but just left jail the day before, fresh from 'completing her time,' for so requiting some other refractory malcontent. The bench sentenced her to another month of it, with an exhortation ; and my lady, in her bitter wrath, forewarned the publican, with a shake of her fair fist, that her first act, upon 'coming out' again, would be to pay him off retributively, with a com-

* Evidently a *literal*. Pheasants, not peasants, must be meant, though a covey of pheasants is certainly an unfieldlike term.—*Printer's Devil*.

pound fracture far severer than the last. The simple-minded complainant, strong in his faith of legal protection, grinned grimly a defying smile; but the head clerk checked his complacency, with the assurance that he had better be on the look out; for that when released, there was no manner of doubt she would carry her threat into execution—and this was all the redress the landlord obtained. It is worth knowing the law upon this point, because many a man, in a fit of the spleen, would not object to a month's confinement for the spiteful pleasure of cracking three guineas' worth of flint glass, and of throwing out a good threat besides, under the impunity of a police magistrate's presence.

THE KALISCH ORANGERY. *A rejected Trifle from Cumberland to Kalisch* took occasion the other day, to complain of certain attacks, which shameful men had made upon his illustrious character. Alas! the world's vituperation is the constant attendant upon greatness; the price is bitter, but it must be paid. One consolation is however left him. Whatsoever be the grounds which "party rancour" may select for outraging his conservative Fumship upon, there is one, at least, which malice has not been able to take, and that is his indefatigable and unceasing attention to the business of *sovereignty*. On this point he is unassailable by friend or foe. No sooner were his arduous duties finished in parliament, than away he posts with praiseworthy alacrity, and with unimpaired energies, to meet, at Kalisch, his brother-imperialists, in order to settle Europe's, the world's, and their own affairs, according to the most legitimate fashion their quadruple sagacity may devise. Such conduct is right loyal (as a subject of King William IV.), conscientious, and becoming. The British people allow to the "grand master" a tolerably princely income, which, scorning to receive without attempting some service in return (as a "valuable consideration" for his money), and reckless of all personal indulgence on his own account, he leaves the lords to the shooting of grouse, on Scotch hills; the commons to rusticate with swinish radicals in the provinces; the ministers to such inglorious repose as they can procure; the lady regent and her daughter to attend music-festivals and horse-races; the court to amuse itself with the sports of little boys, at Sandhurst; and hurries off to the continent, there to take in charge the destinies of nations generally, and the weal of orange-lodges in particular. Really the people, the heir-presumptive, and his majesty, ought to be very much obliged to the imperial grand master of gray hairs and whiskers, for these exertions; for it must be remembered that, in making them, he has no other *warrant* than his own pleasure.

LOVE IN A CHEST.—One of the strangest examinations ever heard of, took place at the town clerk's office, at Lincoln, the other day. Benjamin Curtis is a servant of Mr. Heanley, of Branston Fen, and had formerly been fellow-servant with a young female, who, it seems, had become strongly attached to him. During the last week,

the girl was observed lingering about Mr. Heanley's premises, and some suspicions as to the nature of her connection with Curtis, were awakened. At length a female servant of Mr. Heanley found her, one day, under Curtis's bed; the strange girl, however, hid herself, and could not be found, on other residents of the house being fetched up-stairs. No further discovery was made until Friday, the 11th, when a rumbling noise being heard in Curtis's bedchamber, Mr. Heanley ran up stairs, but could see nothing, nor obtain any answer to his calls. The same noise being renewed ere Mr. Heanley reached the bottom of the stairs, he again ascended, and, seeing a chest move, he laid his hand on it, and knocked, and was answered by a low moan. Curtis was, just at that moment, returned from Lincoln, whither his master had despatched him in the morning, on business. Mr. Heanley called him up stairs, and he immediately unlocked the chest, where lay the foolish, but pitiable, girl, half-dead with suffocation! Curtis immediately made confession that he had locked the girl up at her own request in the morning, on receiving his master's orders for Lincoln. She had been twelve hours crowded into a space only three feet long, and one foot and a half wide—how very odd!

A SENSIBLE GULL.—The family of H. Peter, esq., of Harlyn, on the north coast of Cornwall, one morning, at breakfast time, threw a piece of bread out of the window, to a stray sea-gull, which happened to have made its appearance at the moment. The bird ate the bread and flew away. The next day, at the same hour, he appeared again, was again fed, and departed. From this time, for a period of eighteen years, the gull never failed to show himself at the window every morning at the same hour, and stalk up and down till he had received his meal (a bason of bread and milk), when he instantly took his leave till the next morning. The only time he omitted to do this was during the period of the pilchards being on the coast, which lasted about six weeks in each year, and at this time he omitted his morning visit. At length he brought one of his own species with him to partake of his meal, and they continued to come together, daily, for about a fortnight, when they suddenly disappeared, and were never seen afterwards.

ORIGIN OF LYNCH'S LAW.—As "Lynch's Law" has recently become almost as general as it is proverbial, and as the question is asked a hundred times a day, "what is Lynch's Law?" it may be well to relate the following anecdote, which may serve as an answer:—In Washington county (Pennsylvania), many years ago, there lived a poaching vagabond, who, it was believed, maintained himself and family, by pilfering from the farmers around him. Though universally suspected, he managed so adroitly as always to avoid detection. At length, a Mr. Van Swearington laid the following trap for him, in which he was caught. Having a newly-born calf, he concealed it from his neighbours for several days; then rode over to the poacher's, and told him that a young calf had

recently strayed to his farm, which he had penned, and was anxious to find the owner. The poacher asked him how long he had it, its size and colour, and being told, said it was his, and that it had gone off just at the time spoken of. Being thus detected in a lie with a design to defraud, Van Swearington reproached him with it, and told him that he would give him twenty-four hours to leave the neighbourhood, adding that if he remained longer he would prosecute him. The poacher only laughed at his threats, while the latter went to consult with his neighbours as to what was to be done. At the expiration of twenty-four hours, five or six of them repaired to the poacher's, whom they found perfectly unintimidated. The party, however, proceeded to try him in due form, choosing one of their number, a farmer named *Lynch*, to be judge. Van Swearington related the offence, which the poacher of course denied. The case was submitted to the judge, who decided that the poacher should be tied up and receive 300 lashes, "well laid on," and then be given twenty-four hours to leave the place, under a penalty of receiving three hundred more if found after that time. The first part of the sentence was inflicted on the spot, with such *good intent* as to render its repetition unnecessary. The culprit made off as fast as his lacerated limbs would permit him.

*Vide Southern Literary Messenger Vol. 2. May 1836
for a correct account of the origin of Lynch Law.*

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—The following is another proof that Fieschi's infernal machine is no new invention:—In the year 1789, a watchmaker at Senlis, named Billon, who had been expelled from a company of the Chevaliers de l'Arquebuse, to which he had belonged, determined upon gratifying his revenge, and took advantage of the occasion of the consecration of the colours of the National Guards in that year. As the procession, of which the Arquebusiers, formed a part, must pass before his house, he arranged a certain number of gun-barrels at his windows, and fired them all off as the company was in front of it. The commander of the company, the commander of the National Guards, and several individuals fell pierced with balls. The outer door of Billon's house, and that of the chamber in which he was, were both barricaded, but were soon forced by M. Aulas da Bruyère, of the Marechausée of Compiègne and Senlis, followed by a lieutenant of the same corps, and a great many of the inhabitants. The lieutenant was, on entering Billon's room, laid dead by a pistol-shot, but M. de la Bruyère seized him, and was dragging him away, when the villain contrived to put a lighted match to a species of infernal machine under the floor, which immediately blew up, carrying with it all the upper part of the house, and burying those who were in it in the ruins. M. de la Bruyère was however taken out alive, though he was deprived of an eye, had one of his knee-pans broken, and had no fewer than twenty-six other wounds in different parts of his body. He was confined to his bed for eight months. He at last recovered, received the insignia of the order of St. Louis, and lived at Senlis till a short time ago.

AN INTERESTING CASE.—The British brig *Governor Temple* arrived at New York a few days since, from Demerara, bound to the river Gambia in Africa. She put in here to procure some articles for her cargo. She is chartered by upwards of twenty natives of Africa, and their descendants, who were sold some twenty or thirty years ago as slaves in the colony of Demerara, and have since purchased their freedom, chartered this vessel, and are on their return to their native land to spend the remainder of their days. They are nearly all related to each other, and embrace both sexes, from childhood to the age of 70. All appear well-dressed, comfortable, and industrious; some of them are mechanics, such as cabinet-makers, coopers, &c., and have, besides earning a stipulated sum for their masters, earned a sufficiency to pay for their freedom. One of them paid 1,300 dollars for himself, wife, and two children; another 500 dollars for himself; and others in like proportion. They all appear happy, and anxious to get back to their native shore. It is a subject of no small interest, and one that must cause the mind of every beholder to reflect, on seeing a group of Africans, who were stolen from their homes, transported in a slave-ship, sold and served thirty years in a foreign land, and who, by their industry have acquired a sum sufficient to purchase their freedom, charter a vessel, and return home. All the older ones still hold to the religion they were educated in, that of the Mahometan faith, and all on board except one (the captain) are blacks.

NAPOLÉON A TORMENTER.—One summer's evening the emperor, accompanied by Josephine, was enjoying the cool breeze on the lawn which occupied the vast front of Malmaison. The day had been oppressively hot, and the ladies of the court were seated in circle, attending the empress, who was inhaling the sweets of a beautiful bouquet she had in her waist. Napoleon took up a handful of sand, without being perceived by the party, and sprinkled the nosegay of his wife. One may easily guess that the flowers were not much improved by this mode of treatment; and, on shaking the sand from her posy, some of the petals, in spite of her care, dropped on the ground. "Mon Dieu! Buonaparte," said she to him, "what a torment you are;" but in that mild even tenour of voice so familiar to her. "What have I done that you should so ill-treat my flowers?" "Que tu es enfant," said Napoleon, embracing her—"do you not see that I wish to give you some that are fresher, and cut by my hand?"—"I do not believe you have any such notion," replied the empress, doubtingly. "Well, then, you shall presently see," said Napoleon, making his way through the lattice-work paling, and soon returned with a huge cluster of roses, which he presented to her in the most gallant way possible. Josephine divided the flowers with the ladies still sitting beside her, and said with a smile, "I beg of you to keep all your roses, as I shall do mine, as long as possible, that you may never forget the hand which gave, nor the hand which gathered them."

A FIVE-GUINEA CUSTOMER.—A certain runaway couple were recently married at Gretna Green, and the smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith, "but *he* was an Irishman: I have married him *six* times before; he is a *customer*—you I may never see again."

SWIMMING.—Eight of the best swimmers of the Austrian garrison at Bregenz engaged for a wager to swim across Lake Constance, from that town in the Tyrol to Lindau, a distance of six miles. They started at ten o'clock, and at three minutes before three o'clock a private soldier, named Tutaja, reached the bridge at Lindau. In thirty-two minutes afterwards he was followed by Lieutenant Cepharowitsch.—The six others only went about half the distance, and then were taken into the boats that attended them. The wind was blowing from the west, and the temperature of the water was 17 degrees of Reaumur, or 70½ of Fahrenheit. This is perhaps the greatest distance ever traversed by swimming, in fresh water. The two men who completed their task were perfectly blue when they landed; their pulse was scarce perceptible, and several hours elapsed before their bodies resumed their natural heat.—[Lord Byron's affair across the Hellespont will be held as a trifling effort in comparison.—ED.]

A GENUINE GHOST STORY.—The following is from the "Journal of Heart," by the late Mrs. Damer, edited by Lady Charlotte Bury; it is given as genuine:—A Mr. Cox (commonly called Jumper Cox) being at Lady Rother's, near Oxford, was desired by her to pronounce a few Latin sentences, by way of persuading her servants, who supposed the house to be haunted, that he was a conjuror, and had banished the ghost to the Red Sea. "You must excuse me," said he, "for, in truth, I am not myself convinced of the absurdity of such persuasions; and my reason is, because I once fancied that I saw my mother-in-law come to my bedside and undraw the curtains; she then told me that my wife would die before the end of the year. 'As for myself,' she added, 'you will never see me again, for I was buried last night: I was not dead—but all is over with me now!' The next morning I hastened to Wallingford, where my mother-in-law resided; I found that she had been seized with a contagious fever, had died, and had been buried immediately, exactly on the night, and at the hour, which the ghost had mentioned. I wished to have had the coffin opened; but the clergyman representing that it could be of no service, and might create great discontent among the populace, I desisted. But what surprised me much was, that, though I mentioned the circumstance to no one but the clergyman, whose interest it was to conceal it, several weeks afterwards a young lady, in a distant part of the county, said to me. 'Bless me, Mr. Cox, I had the strangest dream last night. I thought your mother-in-law came to my bedside, and told me that she had been buried alive at Wallingford.'"